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## LITERATURE.

*The Life of John Locke.* By H. R. Fox Bourne. In Two Volumes. (London: Henry S. King & Co., 1876.)

BEFORE the publication of these two volumes, the chief materials in print for an account of Locke's life were a brief *Eloge de M. Locke*, written shortly after his death by Jean Le Clerc, a somewhat fuller sketch published by Bishop Law in 1777, and the collection of extracts from his correspondence, journals, and common-place books made by Lord King, which reached a second edition in 1830. Out of these materials alone it would have been possible, and certainly justifiable, to construct a much more satisfactory biography than any which had yet appeared. Mr. Fox Bourne, however, does not depend merely upon his capacity for making a better arrangement of foreknown facts as reason enough for his undertaking. He is able to state most justly in his preface that more than half of the contents of this work is derived from hitherto unused manuscripts, and that by them, apart from their independent worth, altogether new light is thrown on most of the information that is not actually new. Among the more important new sources of information investigated by Locke's latest biographer is the fine collection of Shaftesbury family papers so nobly presented to the Public Record Office by the present Earl, and rendered free of access to all literary and historical enquirers. Locke, as is well known, was an inmate of the first Earl's house for many years, and a mass of his correspondence and memoranda, probably lost sight of by him during the political troubles which drove him to Holland, was discovered among these papers. The Foreign and Domestic State Papers, too, which have been made much more easy of consultation of late years, were carefully searched by Mr. Bourne, and many interesting evidences were found in them of Locke's public employments both at home and abroad. The British Museum, the Bodleian and Lambeth Libraries, and many private owners of manuscripts have also supplied no inconsiderable additions of new facts, and in the Remonstrants' Library at Amsterdam is a very large collection of Locke's letters, many of them unpublished, to friends living in that city.

Of Locke's father, who was a country attorney near Bristol and a captain in the Parliamentary army, a curious record has of late years been deposited in the British Museum, in the shape of a memorandum-book in his handwriting filled with business concerns and receipts, mixed up with entries

on theological and ecclesiastical topics, ranging in date between 1629 and 1655. In commenting on the training and conditions of Locke's life, as well as on his philosophical temper and work, Mr. Bourne finds some often-recurring instances of parallelism between them and those of John Stuart Mill; and certainly in the relations subsisting between father and son the similarity is very marked. Shortly after Locke's death Lady Masham wrote of her friend that he never spoke of his father but with great respect and affection, as having

"used a conduct towards him when young that he often spoke of afterwards with great approbation. It was the being severe to him by keeping him in much awe and at a distance when he was a boy, but relaxing, still by degrees, of that severity as he grew up to be a man, till, he being become capable of it, he lived perfectly with him as a friend. And I remember he has told me that his father, after he was a man, solemnly asked his pardon for having struck him once in a passion when he was a boy."

After passing through Westminster School, Locke went into residence at Oxford, at the very mature age, for those days, of twenty years. He seems to have derived but small satisfaction from the nature of the studies there, and there was probably good foundation in fact for Spence's gossip that he "spent a good part of his first years at the university in reading romances, from his aversion to the disputations then in fashion there." Lady Masham writes that his discouragement at the result of all the unprofitable reading in which he was expected to engage kept him from being any very hard student, and made him seek "the company of pleasant and witty men, with whom he likewise took great delight in corresponding by letters; and in conversation and these correspondences he, according to his own account of himself, spent for some years much of his time."

Locke's first employment of a political nature was in the year 1665, when he was thirty-three years of age. How he obtained it is not very clearly made out, but it is not unreasonable to suppose that it was owing to the influence at Court of his college friend, William Godolphin, elder brother of the more famous Sydney Godolphin, whom Charles II. regarded as a model courtier, for he was "never in the way and never out of the way." Our difficulties with the Dutch made it advisable for us to keep on good terms with the small States in close proximity to Holland, and accordingly Sir Walter Vane was entrusted with an embassy to the Elector of Brandenburg; John Locke accompanied him in the capacity of secretary. The mission was not altogether a successful one, the only result of it, in fact, being a full assurance that the Elector was ready to take up any line of action pleasing to the English powers provided he were well paid for it. Of Locke's hearty efforts to assist his chief in the business there is abundant evidence in the Foreign State Papers of the period still preserved. His private letters to his friends Boyle and John Strachey, descriptive of German life in Cleve, will be found much more amusing than the grave State documents; but as they are not printed for the first time in these volumes we need not longer

dwell upon them. So well was he thought to have acquitted himself in this Brandenburg mission that immediately on his return to London, about the middle of February, 1666, he was offered like employment under the new ambassador to Spain, Montagu, Earl of Sandwich. A week's reflection, however, decided him to decline the offer and return to his old quiet life at Oxford.

"Those fair offers I had to go to Spain," he wrote to Strachey, "have not prevailed with me. Whether I have let slip the minute that they say every one has once in his life to make himself, I cannot tell. This I am sure, I never trouble myself for the loss of that which I never had."

At the close of this year a dispensation was issued by royal command, by which Locke was allowed to retain his studentship at Christ Church without being compelled, as was then customary, to take holy orders. This very interesting original document was only recently discovered among the Shaftesbury papers.

It was in this year, while Locke was pursuing his medical studies at Oxford, that his famous intimacy with the first Earl of Shaftesbury, then Lord Ashley, was formed. In June, 1667, we hear of him as an inmate of Exeter House, the London residence of the Cooper family; and "from that time," writes Lady Masham, "he was with my Lord Ashley as a man at home, and lived in that family much esteemed, not only by my lord, but by all the friends of the family." The education of Ashley's only son was at first the principal matter entrusted to him, but in a year or two it was thought proper to place a much more delicate commission in his hands, the story of which is best told in the words of the third Earl, who thus writes of his father, Locke's pupil:—

"He was too young and inexperienced to choose a wife for himself, and my grandfather too much in business to choose one for him. The affair was nice; for, though my grandfather required not a great fortune, he insisted on good blood, good person and constitution, and above all, good education, and a character as remote as possible from that of court-or-town-bred lady. All this was thrown upon Mr. Locke, who being already so good a judge of men, my grandfather doubted not of his equal judgment in women. He departed from him, entrusted and sworn, as Abraham's head servant 'that ruled over all that he had' and went into a far country (the north of England), 'to seek for his son a wife, whom he as successfully found.'"

Locke found a suitable match, according to his views, at Belvoir Castle, in the person of Lady Dorothy Manners. The marriage was soon arranged, and seems to have been a fairly happy one. Passing on to the time when Shaftesbury was made Lord Chancellor, we find Locke sharing in the advancement of his patron by being made Secretary of Presentations, an office with 300*l.* a year, giving him direction of all Church matters controlled by the Chancellor. He is entered as holder of that office in a list of "my Lord Chancellor's family," a curious document so headed which was found among the Shaftesbury papers. The date of this paper is Christmas, 1672. Thomas Stringer, previously the Earl's private secretary, is described in it as steward of the house, and the whole "family," including a page, or "boy," assigned to Locke, numbered thirty-

seven persons. Locke is named as one of the nine principal officers who dined with the steward, and were "to have wine." It is also set down in this document that these officers were, in term time, to attend prayers at seven and at eleven every morning, and at six every evening, "and on every Sunday in the morning a sermon, and on Easter Sunday and Whit Sunday and Christmas Day a communion." Should the Chancellor drive out in state, Locke, with the other secretaries, must walk by the side of the coach, except at certain times when they "rid on horseback," but "when my lord went to take coach or came out of his coach," they "went before him bareheaded."

Prior to Shaftesbury's disgrace, he secured the appointment of Locke as Secretary to the Council of Trade and Plantations, with a nominal salary of 500*l.* a year. The salaries of many civil servants in those days were purely nominal, or at the best many years in arrear, and there is evidence to show that Locke had never touched a shilling of the pay due to him for his service under the Council fifteen years after it had ceased. The reward was solely in the work itself, and in that he found ample means of exercising his great capacity for organisation, and his many other remarkable mental gifts. Mr. Bourne has found among the Colonial State Papers in the Record Office many traces of his secretaryship, though nothing of personal interest, and is able to deduce from them the multifarious nature of his duties—correspondence with the chief officers of the Crown in England and with the colonial governors and governments on all matters of moment, as well as with everybody in England and elsewhere whose colonial affairs needed protection or advancement, who had recommendations to make or grievances to set forth, &c., &c.

For some years after the cessation of this employment Locke resided almost wholly in France. His letters from that country, largely quoted from in Mr. Bourne's volumes, are full of quaint and humorous details descriptive of his wanderings. It was not until 1679 that he returned to London, at the urgent invitation of his old patron and friend, who was anxious for his advice on all affairs, both public and private. There is no evidence, however, that he took the least part in the Earl's unwise conspiracy in favour of the Duke of Monmouth's succession to the Crown, the detection of which drove Shaftesbury in disguise to Holland, where death shortly ended his restless career. All the time this plot was in action Locke appears to have lived his former quiet student life at Oxford; aware, no doubt, to some extent, of what was impending, but anxious to avert from himself all breath of suspicion. That the Government set spies upon him and sought to implicate him in the Monmouth plot is clear enough from the recently published letters of Humphrey Prideaux to Ellis. Ellis, mindful of his duties as a subordinate officer of State, had probably asked his Oxford correspondent for any details of Locke's movements which might assist the Government in forming an opinion as to his guilt; for on March 14, 1681-2, Prideaux wrote:—

"John Locke lives a very cunning unintelligible

life here, being two days in town and three out, and no one knows where he goes, or when he goes, or when he returns. Certainly there is some whig intrigue a-managing; but here not a word of politics comes from him, nothing of news, or anything else concerning our present affairs, as if he were not at all concerned in them."

A few days later Prideaux wrote again:—

"Where J. L. goes I cannot by any means learn, all his voyages being so cunningly contrived. . . . Sometimes he himself goes out, and leaves his man behind, who shall then be often seen in the quadrangle to make people believe his master is at home," &c.

Six months later Prideaux can only write that Locke is still living quietly there, and not a word drops from his mouth that discovers anything of his heart within:—

"Now his master is fled, I suppose we shall have him altogether. He seems to be a man of very good converse, and that we have of him with content; as for what else he is he keeps it to himself, & therefore troubles not us with it nor we him."

The story of Locke's expulsion from Oxford, and of Dr. Fell's disgraceful share in it, is familiar enough to most readers. Mr. Bourne throws no new light on the matter, unless the following extract from a letter of Lady Masham help much in estimating the bishop's character:—

"As Dr. Fell was a man of great worth on many accounts, I cannot but subjoin to the relation of a matter wherein some have thought him blameable, what persuades me that, if he was so, he was so only through a principle of fear. It is that, several months after Mr. Locke's expulsion, I, who was then a young maid and unknown to be of Mr. Locke's acquaintance, being at Dr. Stillingfleet's house, the then dean of St. Paul's, since Bishop of Worcester, I heard a friend of the bishop of Oxford's tell the dean that the bishop had often said that nothing had ever happened to him which had troubled him more than what he had been obliged to do against Mr. Locke, for whom he ever had a sincere respect, and whom he believed to be of as irreproachable manners and inoffensive conversation as was in the world."

We have no space left wherein to treat of Locke's life and employment after the time when William's coming to the Crown enabled him to return to England, and to pass the remaining few years of his career in comparative ease and freedom from political cares. He refused to conduct an embassy to Brandenburg, and accepted appointments as Commissioner of Appeals, and as Commissioner of Trade and Plantations. Of his activity in this latter capacity Mr. Bourne gives some remarkable evidence, derived from the Board of Trade Papers. Among notable movements in which he took an important share may be named—the establishment of the Bank of England, the abolition of press censorship, the reform of the coinage, and the encouragement of the Irish linen manufacture.

In this notice we have preferred to dwell upon Locke's labours as a public man rather than as a man of letters. Mr. Bourne's book, however, is exhaustive enough on the latter subject, as he adds very much to the bulk of the volumes by very full analyses of most of Locke's writings. We do not think this new Life of Locke a masterpiece of biography or of philosophical criticism; but it is, nevertheless, a conscientious and painstaking performance, and will well repay a careful reading. J. J. CARTWRIGHT.

*Hours in a Library.* Second Series. By Leslie Stephen. (London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1876.)

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN likes to feel attraction through a resisting medium, to exert the power of sympathy when obstacles lie in the way. He does not yield himself, after the fashion of some contemporary critics, with amorous *abandon* now to this person and now to that; nor does he care to explain away a human being and the need of personal contact with him, by discoursing about the "organism" and its "environment;" what virtue he possesses is chiefly to be found in an adult, masculine dealing of man with men, which holds its own with others, and does them justice although they are of different tempers and possess different faiths from his own. He loves plain speaking and coherent thinking, yet finds much to attract him in that most curious of speakers, and wayward of reasoners—whose unique brain constitutes a species in itself—Sir Thomas Browne. His temper is the reverse of the mystic's, yet William Law, "prostrated body and soul, in abyssal silence, before the interior central throne of the Divine revelation" (so his biographer has described Law), appears to Mr. Stephen a figure of peculiar interest in the history of religion in the eighteenth century. He stands in firm antagonism to the dogma of Calvin, yet finds in the writings of Jonathan Edwards an elevated theory of the universe, and an ennobling system of morality. And so in each of the essays of this volume—in his studies of Horace Walpole, of Crabbe, of William Hazlitt—the writer pushes his way through obstacles which he does not ignore, to reach some fellow-man, and watch the play of a vivacious intellect, or feel the beatings of a heart. We—who can talk skilfully of "art for art," and enter with zeal into the passions of the Renaissance—owe some gratitude to a critic who takes note of Dr. Johnson's judgment of *Lycidas*, and yet does not turn away with the disdain of the superior, cultured person. Because he does not turn away he can do something to bring back to our memories the warm heart, the manly dignity, the melancholy earnestness of Johnson.

How is one whose faith is other than theirs to approach such writers as Law in his *Serious Call*, Newman in his *Sermons*, Augustine in his *Confessions*, S. Teresa in her *Life*? The question is one of importance if we are not wholly to cast away the treasures of devotion and spiritual experience of former ages. For we cannot be content merely to classify these as so many varieties of the theopathic spirit, and explain them by climate and race and ecclesiastical organisation. We require to feel the vivifying touch of these great souls at their highest moments of illumination and of fervour. Mr. Stephen—sensible of a check which implies capacity of sympathy—shrinks back as from holy ground:—

"Law's masterpiece, *The Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life*, . . . may be read with pleasure even by the purely literary critic. Perhaps, indeed, there is a touch of profanity in reading in cold blood a book which throughout palpitates with the deepest emotions of its author, and which has thrilled so many sympathetic spirits.



The power can only adequately be felt by readers who can study it on their knees; and those to whom a difference of faith renders that attitude impossible doubt whether they are not in a position somewhat resembling that of Mephistopheles in the cathedral. When a man is forced by an over-mastering impulse to lay bare his inmost soul, the recipient of the confession should be in harmony with the writer. . . . And yet no one, however far apart from Law's mode of conceiving of the universe, would willingly acknowledge that he was insensible to the thoughts interpreted into his unfamiliar dialect. In one sense, not only the Apostles on the day of Pentecost, but all great movers of mankind, speak a universal tongue. Law, indeed, requires a tolerably lax interpretation to be turned to account by an outsider."

Is there not some confusion here, some mingling of a more vivid with a duller mood? We listen in devout attention to words in the universal tongue in which all noble spiritual natures utter themselves, and we know that in such listening there is nothing of Mephistopheles—the spirit who denies—nothing cold-blooded. There are other attitudes no less devout than that of meekly kneeling upon our knees. Even if there be something over and above the natural, human, sense contained in these records of a soul's experience, the natural sense at least is certainly contained; it is no lax interpretation but the strictest if what is described as the overwhelming sense of sin stand with us for an intense personal realising of the difference between what a man is and what he seeks to be; if the strong cry for help become to us a confession of our weakness and isolation as individuals, and of the need of great objective powers to nourish and sustain the life of the soul; if gratitude and thanksgiving appear to us as a form of the joy—the highest possible to man—which arises when the heart is sensible of the large Good in the midst of which we move and have our being. Could we not make, and accept as true, translations from many and various religious dialects into the common language of man, not a few persons would be cut off from the most precious part of the heritage transmitted to them from the past.

The essay on William Law raises questions which it does not fully answer. There is something dramatic in the conception of Law as one of the Hard-Church thinkers of the eighteenth century (only superior to his fellows in moral warmth and unworldliness of life), so long as he waged battle against Tindal and Mandeville, and at the moment of his triumph as suddenly transformed by a train of private reasoning from a Christian apologist into a Christian mystic. It is true that the elaborate apparatus of criticism and argument required to establish the Christian faith in the face of its enemies became with Law evidence that a religion meant to be popular must rest upon grounds of belief less scholastic, more direct, simple, and accessible to the souls of men. But it is impossible to suppose that logic created a mystic. In his earlier writings, while doing service against the Deists, Law must have been a mystic gone astray, one born out of due season into the age of Pope, and Walpole, and Fielding. Mr. Stephen perceives this, but one could wish that he had illustrated from those earlier writings Law's

mystical temperament. Nor would it have been without interest to enquire what were the precise points of attraction between Law and Böhme, which made the English Churchman a disciple of the shoemaker of Görlitz. In the essay upon Jonathan Edwards affinities are pointed out between that Calvinistic forefather of Emerson (such he appears to be to Mr. Stephen) and Spinoza. It would have been worth showing how Böhme's central conception, the efflux of the finite out of the eternal One, finds its expression in the faith and the feeling of Law, as Spinoza's conception, the reflux of the finite into this One, finds its reflection or correspondency in the writings of Edwards.

We think too much of Jonathan Edwards as the stern theologian who dwells upon the "exquisite horrible misery" of the damned, who declares that "the view of their doleful condition will make the saints in heaven more prize their own blessedness," and who, instead of discoursing, as a recent editor of some of his writings does, to bereaved parents on "The Lambs all Safe," depicts admiringly a God who holds the "little vipers" suspended over the pit of hell into which they drop by thousands. We ought to think of the remorseless logician in his periods of deep, tranquil, and solitary musing in quiet places on the banks of the Hudson river, where he soliloquised with his own heart or conversed with God; and in his hour of intense, spiritual passion, when unseen and unheard, in the woods, he wept aloud, beholding in a flood of tears the wonderful grace of the Son of God. What French critics have named *le sentiment de la nature*, the feeling for nature, does not ordinarily find a very vivid expression in Puritan writers. "To understand and to love nature," as Sainte-Beuve has said, "one must not be always intent on inward good and evil—incessantly occupied with spiritual defence, moral discipline, and restraint." Nor must we conceive of the earth as under a curse, and hostile to the soul. Some of Mr. Buckle's ugly quotations (ii. pp. 388-9) illustrate the Puritan fear, hatred, or disdain of external nature. But with Edwards the sovereignty of God is universal and supreme, and therefore he perceives in everything God's excellence, his wisdom, his purity, his love—

"in the sun, moon, and stars; in the clouds and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, and trees; in the water and all nature, which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for continuance, and in the day spend much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the meantime singing forth, with a low voice, my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer."

"Thunder," he adds, "had once been terrible to him; now scarce anything in all the works of nature was so sweet." We are almost reminded of the *Canticum of the Creatures* sung by one so remote in time, and place, and genius from the American Puritan—sung in Umbria, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, by St. Francis:—

"Praised be my Lord for our sister the moon, and for the stars, the which he has set clear and lovely in heaven. Praised be my Lord for our brother fire, through whom thou givest us light in the darkness; and he is bright, and pleasant, and very mighty, and strong. Praised be my

Lord for our mother the earth, the which doth sustain us and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits, and flowers of many colours, and grass."

There is more of fraternal affection, with mutual service, as of members of a glad family, in this Catholic conception of the creatures; more of community of praise and obedience to a gracious and awful Lord in the Puritan conception.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

*The Kinder-Garten. Principles of Fröbel's System and their Bearing on the Education of Women.* By Emily Shirreff. (London: Chapman & Hall, 1876.)

AMONG the disciples of Pestalozzi, Frederick Fröbel achieved most distinction as an independent thinker, and as a skilled and original teacher. His methods, first excogitated and put into practice in somewhat humble schools at Kielhan, in Frankfort, and at Liebenstein, have slowly commended themselves to the more thoughtful teachers of the young in Germany and in Switzerland, and have been adopted with increasing zeal and success in our own country and in America. During some years, the ingenious devices by which Fröbel sought to turn to account the playful and active instincts of little children, and to make them the foundation for systematic intellectual discipline, have been in use in two or three of the principal training-colleges for schoolmistresses, and in some of the best of the English and Scotch infant schools. But it is only of late that the attention of the public has been directed to the principles which underlie the system, and that "Kinder-Garten" training, as Fröbel somewhat fancifully designated it, has been thought worthy of formal literary exposition. There is now in London a Fröbel Society under influential patronage, which meets for the periodical discussion and elucidation of his method. In America there is on a much greater scale an organised union of teachers calling themselves "Kindergartners;" and the clear and valuable pamphlets of Miss Manning, and of Mr. Joseph Payne, the latter of which we briefly noticed in these columns, have done much to kindle the interest, not only of professional teachers, but also of the general public in the history and philosophy of Fröbel's method. To these we have now to add the fuller and more elaborate work of Miss Emily Shirreff, whose personal efforts to elevate the aims, and to increase the professional skill, of teachers of her own sex, give weight to her counsel, and entitle her to speak with exceptional authority.

Fröbel possessed a child-like unworldly spirit, an observant eye, and an affectionate sympathy with the ways and wants of little children. Like Jean Paul Richter, he believed that cheerfulness or joyousness—not necessarily enjoyments, which are entirely different—was the atmosphere in which the youthful faculty thrives best, and that the main factor in producing such cheerfulness was constant activity. He sought to study the play of children, and to classify their games into those which exerted the receiving, apprehending, and observant faculties, and those which brought into exercise the

active and formative powers. He saw that the plaything whose end is merely to be looked at excites only a languid or transitory curiosity, but that the playthings which lead the child to work, to dissect or to construct, possess an almost inexhaustible power of interest and enjoyment. In a closer watching of the different forms of occupation which children spontaneously chose, and enjoyed the most, he learned to distinguish those which called into exercise the powers of seeing accurately, of comparing, of inventing, of concentrating the attention, of combining, of counting, of measuring, of giving fineness to the senses, dexterity to the fingers, and general flexibility and force to the thinking and imaginative powers. Yet, while desiring to turn the knowledge he thus gained to useful purpose, in organising the games of children, and in formulating a system of early training, he never seems to have forgotten that some of the best knowledge we receive does not come to us in the shape of knowledge, and that a lesson is often all the more effective when it is not consciously recognised by the learner as a lesson, but when it is latent in some process or employment in which the child thinks himself to be acting freely, or, better still, makes no reflection upon himself at all. "Only through a continual climbing up on the ladder of visible things," he would say, "is the child's mind lifted out of its darkness into the light of spiritual consciousness."

It will be obvious that a large part of the influence of such a teacher was purely personal, and was incapable of being reduced to formulae or communicated to his successors by means of a book or a code of rules. So much, however, of what is called Fröbel's system as is explicable in a treatise, or consists in a clear description of the exercises which he devised, will be found in Miss Shirreff's interesting little book. She explains in order the use and the significance of the series of toys which Fröbel called by the name of "gifts." Of these there is, first, the ball and string, with which the little ones are taught to perform in concert a number of simple and ingenious exercises. A sphere, cube, and cylinder form the second "gift," and serve to draw attention to relations of form and shape which may lay the foundation of geometrical notions. Then a cube composed of eight smaller cubes furnishes simple exercise in counting, in subtracting, in the understanding of the meaning of fractions, and in the building of rude structures such as a bench, a table, or a flight of steps. Then come cubes subdivided into oblong pieces or bricks, which admit of a greater variety of combination; afterwards small sticks and thin laths, which may form the outline of regular figures, may be crossed or interlaced, and made to form patterns. Other exercises are to be found in the use of little rings; of circular figures in varied forms of section and combination; of strips of paper or woollen threads in different colours, to be woven or embroidered into patterns; of material to be cut or folded; of tracing, and of rudimentary drawing. For one who has not watched a class of little children under an active and sympathetic governess, as they plaited straws or wove coloured paper into various forms

and devices, it is difficult to understand the enthusiasm and at the same time the persistent and unwearied industry with which the little ones perform these exercises, or to appreciate the extent to which the powers of imitating, of close observation, of nimbleness, and of accuracy are by such exercises unconsciously strengthened. The child is placed by the teacher successively in such relation to various external objects that he is led naturally to question them, to look at them earnestly, to find out their qualities, and to turn these discoveries to practical account. And in all this there is not only food for the curiosity and the intellectual activity of a child, but also moral teaching of a very effective, though wholly undogmatic kind. For the pupil learns the habit of obedience and the beauty of law and order, and acquires, however insensibly, patience, self-control, a love of industry, and a desire for the finish and perfection of his own little handiwork.

It is no dishonour to the memory of Fröbel to say that he never fully thought out the relation of his system to the subsequent training in science or to the larger work of a complete and liberal education. He was not a scholar. His obscure career of poverty and of comparatively unregarded labour was remote from the world of public life, whether official, academic, or commercial; and to the last he undervalued, and almost despised, that which he himself did not possess, the knowledge and the culture which are derivable from books. There is a touching truthfulness in the remark of the Baroness Marenholtz-Bülow, one of his most earnest disciples: "The heavenly light given to a man seldom spreads its ray over the whole of his being, but only lights up the field whereon he is to build." Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for a man to behold the sun. It is well for each one of us if that light is clear and steadfast enough to show him the duty which he can do best. For Fröbel, the field thus illuminated extended over the heart and the life of childhood, the beginnings of knowing and thinking, the functions and duties of the primary teacher. And here manifestly is a region wide enough to justify the consecration of a life's efforts, and even yet in no wise fully explored.

That the work and theories of Fröbel may be studied with great advantage by all who are engaged in directing the training of young children appears unquestionable. Nevertheless, we can conceive few movements more likely to disappoint their authors than the general adoption of Fröbel's methods without the concurrent adoption of his spirit, his enthusiasm, and his readiness to watch for himself the phenomena of child-life. Routine is to average teachers always easier than intelligence. And the Kinder-Garten, if stiffened into routine, would become one of the most unreal and pretentious, if not one of the most ludicrous, of educational devices. As in the history of religion some of the forms of teaching and worship which have had their origin in a protest against formalism and superstition have become, when themselves stereotyped into systems, more hopelessly unspiritual than those which they superseded, so it is in the sphere of educa-

tional work: "corruptio optimi pessima est." Such methods as those of Pestalozzi and Fröbel presuppose, in an exceptional degree, the possession of sympathy, insight and flexibility of mind on the part of those who use them. In the hands of a mechanical or commonplace teacher, they are sterile and even mischievous. It is because Miss Shirreff's work is not merely a clear exposition of these methods, but is also, within its own modest range, a genuine contribution to the philosophy of education, and is pervaded throughout with right principles as to the aims and qualifications of the teacher, that we hope it may be very widely studied by those to whom it is addressed.

J. G. FITCH.

*English History for the use of Public Schools.*  
By the Rev. J. F. Bright. Period II.,  
Personal Monarchy. (London: Rivingtons, 1876.)

THE second instalment of Mr. Bright's work is distinguished by the same qualities as those which have already attracted attention to its predecessor. It is written with an honest desire to tell the main facts of English History correctly, and to deal as fairly as possible with the characters of the prominent personages. The quiet correction (p. 628) of a blunder of Hallam about Lord Southampton may be taken as an instance of Mr. Bright's care about facts; while his summing up of the reign of Henry VIII. (p. 421) shows him equally desirous to avoid the exaggeration which condemns to the historical Tartarus or elevates to the historical Olympus. No doubt here and there slips occur. Mr. Bright, for instance, thinks (p. 600) that when men paid Benevolences, they actually expected to get their money back again, and that it was the majority and not the minority of the Barebones Parliament (p. 704) which surrendered authority into the hands of Cromwell. He also, to judge from one of his maps, appears to be of opinion that people in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries would speak of Hungary as part of Austria. The spelling of proper names was so vague in the seventeenth century that a modern writer is, to a great extent, at liberty to be directed by his own fancy. But Philip and Malarie are forms as unsatisfactory as Sir John Elliot or as Mr. Sandford (*i.e.* Sanford), who has a nineteenth-century right to a fixity of spelling.

These, however, are very small matters indeed. The main question raised by Mr. Bright's work is whether his extreme definiteness does not lead to a neglect of that which, after all, forms the chief interest of history, the struggle of a large and organised body of men to overcome difficulties which are found in their way. That which attracts in a biography is the vital energy with which the hero puts forth his powers in a physical or moral conflict. That which attracts in history is the vital energy with which a nation overcomes obstacles. Its great men in action, its great men in science or literature, its political or religious ideas, are so many instruments by means of which it works, the failure and success of which are the conditions by which its future progress



is determined. Mr. Bright appears to doubt whether it is possible to place this in any way before the minds of boys. He tells us, in his preface to his first volume, that—

"It was at first intended to approach the history almost on the social and constitutional side; but a very short trial proved that this method required a too constant employment of allusion, and presupposed too much knowledge in the reader, to be suitable for a book intended primarily for schools."

Mr. Bright's opinion is entitled to the highest respect; but it is impossible to admit it as absolutely conclusive till it has been submitted to a jury of boys. The resolution to avoid the links which bind one fact to another, to accord but a passing notice to such books as More's *Utopia* or Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, seems to be a resolution to turn aside from the true unity and life of history.

Nor has Mr. Bright escaped that source of error which is probably unavoidable by those engaged in a work of so extended a scope. He sometimes forgets that nowhere is Bacon's saying, "*Bona quaestio dimidium scientiae*," so applicable as in the study of history. Phrases have acquired meanings in the course of time which are often very far from covering the real facts of the case. If we do not begin by asking whether all these time-honoured phrases really mean anything, we never get to any real understanding of the facts at all. What can be more delusive, for example, than Mr. Bright's constant use of the word "illegal," to describe the doings of the first two Stuarts. The reader might almost think that there existed in the England of their days a sort of "*Code Napoléon*," of which the language was perfectly clear, and of the meaning of which no one was ever doubtful. Of course Mr. Bright knows that this was not the case, that the law appealed to was a monstrous jungle of statute and precedent, from which it was possible to extract almost anything in accordance with the general view of the Constitution taken by the enquirer. The view which we take nowadays is nobler and higher than that taken by the Crown lawyers of the seventeenth century. But Mr. Bright only leads his readers astray when he talks of acts sanctioned by the judges as illegal, or of the judges themselves as venal.

On the other hand, it is no blame to Mr. Bright if he has not been more successful than others in threading his way through the thorny mazes of Stuart finance. The Star-Chamber fines have always afforded a fine subject for rhetoric. These fines, says Hallam, were adjudged by a tribunal, "where those who inflicted the punishment reaped the gain, and sat like famished birds of prey with keen eyes and bended talons, eager to supply for a moment, by some wretch's ruin, the craving emptiness of the Exchequer." When a grave constitutional lawyer like Hallam whips himself up to such a state of emotion as this, those who are aware that it is almost absolutely certain that scarcely any of these heavy fines were paid at all may be thankful to Mr. Bright for translating this scream into plain figures. "No less," he writes (p. 628), "than 6,000,000*l.* is said to have been raised by fines during this period." Ten pages before

(p. 618) he had told us that the forced loan, which amounted to about 300,000*l.*, was "at the rate of cent. per cent. upon landed property, though somewhat less upon goods." Mr. Bright cannot really believe that in eleven years Charles levied by fines anything approaching to twenty times the income derived from land in the whole of England.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

#### SAXON STUDIES.

*Saxon Studies.* By Julian Hawthorne. (London: Strahan & Co., 1876.)

WE rub our eyes in bewilderment as we turn over page after page of this amazing book. We ask ourselves while we read—and surely, the majority of Mr. Hawthorne's readers will do the same—whether, indeed, it is possible that he ever set foot in Saxony at all, whether this picture of Dresden is not entirely evolved out of his inner consciousness; or, lastly, whether we have not ourselves been dreaming for years past, seeing Germany and everything German through a fog or upside down. How many of us are accustomed to look back upon a residence in some small German capital—Weimar, Munich, Frankfort, Stuttgart, above all, Dresden—as one of the very pleasantest and most profitable of all our travelling experiences! It is not one circumstance but many that combine to make up such a sum total of enjoyment—music, art, the mixed attractions of town and country life, easy social intercourse, quiet without monotony, variety without excess. We have here, as cannot be the case in larger centres, just the happy medium of social and intellectual gratification that an intelligent human being requires. The very modesty and simplicity of existence so characteristic of these small capitals would alone account for half their charm. The absence of anything like fashionableness, the opportunity of culture and artistic pleasure ungrudgingly afforded to rich and poor, the prominence given to all that concerns the inner rather than the outer life, the spiritual rather than the material needs, offer a striking contrast to what we see in other countries. We find an active literary spirit; an intense sympathy with all that is being accomplished throughout the world of letters, art, or science; a prevailing animation and cheerfulness which have nothing to do with money-making or success, so-called; lastly, a freedom from cant in matters pertaining to taste or culture. When a German likes a book, or a picture, or a musical composition, he knows the reason why; and when every possible objection has been raised to the German nation, nobody in his senses can withhold the admission that it is the best educated in the world. Nor is it the least cordial or genial. Rich in every kind of attraction as are Dresden, Weimar, and other literary and artistic centres, they could not offer such delightful sojourns to the stranger were he shut out from those circles which are their crowning distinction and pride. Go where you will, you cannot find more readily accorded hospitality and easier intercourse—in homely phrase, such good company—at so little cost. This

happy condition of affairs is no doubt being slowly modified, but let us do justice to it while it lasts. At any rate let not the incautious reader accept without due reserve such delineations of German life and manners as we find in *Saxon Studies*.

Now let us select a few of Mr. Hawthorne's opinions, and see how he has been affected by a lengthy residence in one of the most charming capitals in Europe. He begins by telling us that the ignorance of the average Saxon peasant is petrifying. Of the march of events, the news of the day, of all such knowledge as the American infant sucks in with the milk from his feeding-bottle, your Saxon peasant has no inkling. The Saxon is an ill-built, ill-favoured race, and of an unhealthy constitution. The Saxon mind is capacious of an indefinite amount of information, but its digestion is out of proportion weak. There is not power to work up the meal of knowledge into the flesh and blood of wisdom. "I have observed in the faces of the learned an expression of mental dyspepsia—bulbous foreheads and dull pale eyes," writes Mr. Hawthorne. "As for Schiller, Goethe, Heine, and the rest of that giant conclave, they are either not Germans or else they are the only true Germans ever born. Immense, truly, seems to be their popularity among their later countrymen; but is the sympathy so officiously asserted genuine stuff? It sometimes puts me in mind of the reflection of sublimity in mud puddles." English, French, Italians, Spaniards, Russians—each and all surpass their German sister in some particular of beauty, and the American, of course, in all combined. Gretchen will always have unlovely hands and shapeless feet; her flaxen braids will be dull and lustreless, and her head will be planed off behind in a line with her ears. Speaking of a certain Frau Schmidt, Mr. Hawthorne informs us that she is fonder of her husband than is the case with most Saxon women. Female Saxony is very industrious: carries its sewing and embroidery about with it everywhere, and knits to admiration. When in its own company, it chatters like magpies, and is watched by our author with "an appropriately amused interest," whatever that may be. The Saxon's sentimentalism is vitiated by his moral and physical ill-health. He is continually doing things false in harmony, and incomprehensible as all discord is. Who but he can sit through a symphony of Beethoven, applauding its majestic movements with the hand that has just carried to his lips a mug of beer, and anon returns thither with a slice of sausage? But the music in Saxony, like the army, is a forced product, having no root in the nature of the people, and destined to wither away when the artificial inspiration is removed. Mr. Hawthorne has made what he calls the remarkable discovery that the Saxons have a less correct ear for music than any people with whom he is acquainted. He is sure they think quite differently; and, no doubt, after the first surprise is over, they will be grateful for having had their error pointed out. Undoubtedly, the greatest musical composers have been of German blood. Just as in ancient times, by a sort of revenge of nature, giants and pigmies were made to live together, you find nowhere

more good music than in Saxony, nor anywhere better soldiers; the reason being, not that the Saxons have any special aptitude for war or music, but that they are exhaustively and indefatigably trained. Bismarck and Wagner are at the bottom of it. We should fancy, from a passage further on, that Mr. Hawthorne's own musical training has been far from exhaustive and indefatigable. "Am I to be blamed for finding Haydn's *Creation* ludicrous?" he asks. "I think the blame lies elsewhere. I do not find the first chapter of *Genesis* ludicrous. Either Haydn was not so great a man as Moses, or the *Creation* cannot be safely entrusted to Euterpe." It is gratifying to discover that Mr. Hawthorne does not find the first chapter of *Genesis* ludicrous; but such will hardly be the criticism accorded by his readers to his description of the famous picture-gallery. Why are picture-galleries allowed? he asks. The best time to visit the Continental ones is on a Sunday—the people's day—for then we may find relief from the rabble on the walls in observing the rabble on the floor, which is vastly more amusing and less impertinent. Picture-galleries are the greatest aesthetic abuses of our time. When picture-galleries are built on Mr. Hawthorne's principle, any picture not worth a room to itself shall be burned; and of the remainder (which will not be over large), some shall be housed in a single chamber, others in a suite; others, again, shall have a palace expressly built for them, according to their respective merits. No person shall be permitted to visit more than one picture in one day; at which rate, it would take at least three years to see a gallery of any extent, and true picture-lovers would probably confine their attention to two or three favourites. But nothing pleased Mr. Hawthorne in Dresden. In addition to its feverish soil, it possesses one of the most trying climates in the world. For some reason or other, the clatter of wheels and hoofs there is more jarring and disconcerting than in any other city of his acquaintance. The sombre humour which is apt to settle upon strangers after a little acquaintance with Dresden, he imputes to the invariable ugliness of the houses. They are featureless, bare, and neutral-tinted. Dresden or Berlin furniture he thinks, on the whole, the most worthless that is anywhere manufactured. Compared with the massive and rich simplicity of the best American furniture, it shows like a charlatan beside a gentleman. During two years' stay in Dresden, he lost more letters through the post than in all the rest of his experience put together. He has not even an unqualified word of praise for the cherries, a staple produce of Dresden neighbourhoods. They are dismally apt to be wormy, and the flavour is faint. He never saw a beautiful thing in a Dresden curiosity-shop. The sweepings of two or three old-fashioned attics would outshine and outvalue the richest of them. A German cook requires only a callous conscience, a cold heart, a confused head, coarse hands, and plenty of grease. Those foreigners who have formed their accent on Saxon models have, humanly speaking, disqualified themselves from ever getting it right. The Dresden shopkeepers have heads which, as

far as intellectual value is concerned, are about on a par with the silver effigies on the thaler which they cherish. But they can spy a bargain through a stone wall, or a thievish advantage through the lid of a coffin. With all the disposition to steal that an ardent Saxon nature can have, they lack the wisdom so to commit thefts as to secure the largest and most permanent returns. Finally, Mr. Hawthorne quotes a disappointing little episode, because of the emblematic likeness it bears to his experience of Dresden. "Whereupon our parting regrets are narrowed down to the somewhat equivalent one that, despite certain picturesque passages of physical contour, so little in the capital of Saxony is honestly regrettable."

Such is the substance of this book, which, although it may be said to possess the redeeming quality of "certain picturesque passages," is alike misleading as a picture of German life and manners, and ill-judged as a publication. It is hardly to be wondered at that *Saxon Studies* have caused great offence in Dresden, but they might be entitled *Siberian Studies* for any likeness they bear to the people therein described.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*Linked Lives.* By Lady Gertrude Douglas. In Three Volumes. (London: Hurst & Blackett, 1876.)

*Too Fair to go Free.* By Henry Kay Willoughby. In Three Volumes. (London: Samuel Tinsley, 1876.)

*He that Overcometh.* By Fanny Aikin-Kortright. In Two Volumes. (London: Remington, 1876.)

*Mr. Gray and his Neighbours.* By Peter Pyper, Esq. In Two Volumes. (London: John Hodges, 1876.)

If *Linked Lives* be Lady Gertrude Douglas's first sustained effort in fiction, as may be assumed from the absence of the name of any other book from the title-page, she has displayed unusual ease and capacity for a beginner. Her story is a religious one; and, as almost necessarily happens when such a story is written by a British Roman Catholic, above all, a convert, is to some extent a controversial one also. But it is free from many of the faults which usually beset that kind of writing, and has real merits of conception and execution. There are two strands in the thread of the story, wound with much ingenuity, one being the narrative of the lives of those characters who belong to the higher section of society, and the other treating of the ways of the criminal classes in Edinburgh and Glasgow, with which the author appears to have acquired some familiarity in the course of connexion with the Reformatory movement in Scotland. On the whole, this is the best part of the book. The character of Katie Mackay, the child-thief reclaimed in early life by the good influence of a convent-school, and lapsing back into bad company later on through passionate craving for excitement and amusement, yet retaining the roots of good teaching, which finally strike upwards again, is very well and forcibly drawn. And the other heroine

of the story, Mabel Forrester, whose hand it is that rescues the poor wail at last, is also a very clever sketch. She is one, and the chief, of the four converts from Anglicanism to Roman Catholicism whose change of belief is the motive of the tale, and the mental process by which she is gradually won over is very truly and sympathisingly drawn, probably from personal knowledge of a somewhat analogous case. With great tact and discretion, Lady Gertrude does not attempt to describe the workings in the minds of the two clerical converts of her story, in which she would have most probably broken down; but no one who has had much acquaintance with women of emotional temperament who have become Roman Catholics can fail to recognise the fidelity of her description so far, which is much truer to life than the usual run of such narratives. As to the more directly controversial parts of the story, which are only episodic, they exhibit a sufficiently accurate memory for and reproduction of the customary Roman commonplaces; but those versed in such questions readily perceive that, after the fashion of feminine polemics in general, the author knows nothing whatever of one side of the debate, and very little indeed about the other. But, as no one is likely to go to *Linked Lives* for theological arguments, this is not a serious practical defect in the story, which belongs to Lady Georgiana Fullerton's school, but exhibits, we think, promise of doing better than that accomplished writer has been able to achieve.

Mr. Willoughby's novel is one of those works alike unsatisfactory to artist and moralist, which, professing a highly ethical purpose—by the contrast of splendid vice ending in shame and death with modest virtue crowned with twenty thousand a year, as marked in the unlike conduct and fortune of two beautiful orphan sisters—nevertheless, by dwelling far more fully and anxiously on the vicious side of the picture, on the roses and raptures rather than on the lilies and languors, leaves an unwholesome flavour behind, unredeemed from the literary point of view by any such powerful Bohemian scenes as Henri Murger's, or those in which Fantine first appears in *Les Misérables*. There is some faculty exhibited of devising incidents, though not of weaving them into a story, but the author's stage-asides are needlessly prolix, and the dialogue is destitute of dramatic movement and probability throughout, being in truth undifferentiated book-talk. *Too Fair to go Free* is not clever enough for men's reading, nor healthy enough for women's, if either are at all fastidious about quality under these two heads. And one particular touch which is meant to give additional pathos to the ending of the erring heroine—the failure of two attempts to die, by poison and by drowning—bears just such a hint of resemblance to a couple of the escapes of Captain Marryatt's *Snarleyyow* as to suggest memories which are ludicrous rather than pathetic. The lack of the art of telling a story well is exhibited mainly in the uselessness, for the purposes of the plot, of the virtuous sister's first engagement, and the extreme readiness with which she consoles



herself after her love's young dream has been rudely dispelled. There is just a touch of suggestion borrowed here, probably without design, from Miss Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*, but there is no comparison between the handling.

Several years ago the author of *He that Overcometh* produced a couple of novels which, though very crude and unfinished, yet exhibited promise of better achievement in the future. More than a sufficient time has elapsed for its fulfilment, but this last book exhibits no traces of it. Rather its crudity is so marked, and its gush so unrepressed, that were it not for the information supplied by the title-page, it would pass for the first attempt of a very young writer. There is some little power of drawing exhibited in one character of the book, the silly, affectionate, unprincipled and slatternly girl, who makes the worst possible wife for the hero; but the type has been sketched with too much frequency to have any freshness left, so that even the distinguishing incident which is introduced does not lift it into variety. The plot and grouping are much what the author of *St. Olave's* loves to devise, but they are handled in a less workmanlike manner.

*Mr. Gray and his Neighbours* is an ecclesiastical novel of a somewhat mixed nature, and written from an exceptional standpoint. It is, in fact, a squib against the Church of England, chiefly in view of the difficulties of Anglicanism and of the collapse of the early Tractarian theories, as contrasted with the more logical unanimity of authority within the Roman obedience. There are some clever points made in this part, and some amusing stories are worked in, but the humour is somewhat heavy, and not always good-tempered or fair, provoking comparison, moreover, with Dr. Newman's *Loss and Gain*, which has fully preoccupied the field in that direction. The author hits much harder than Lady Gertrude Douglas, because he (or more probably she) knows better what he is writing about; but his own standpoint is not easily assigned. He does not condescend to notice the Evangelical school at all; he assails the prophets of modern culture and of molecular morality in a fashion which cuts him off from the Broad Church section; and the hottest vials of his wrath are reserved for decorous official Establishmentarianism; while his use of Roman arguments as turning the flank of the Anglican position is unattended with any personal sympathy with them. There is another side to the book, however apart from this quasi-polemical one, and of a much higher order of merit. It is the love-story of the parson's daughter with the son of the great territorial magnate of the East Anglian district in which the scene is laid; and the breaking off of the engagement on the girl's part because of an intrigue of her lover with one of his father's domestics, a peasant friend of her own. The manner in which this incident is treated is very commendable, and has a ring of high, pure Christian chivalry and morality about it that has grown almost as uncommon in recent fiction as in the conventional standard of the class to which the offender belongs. The entire absence of goodness or sentimentality in the

way the matter is handled, and the mode in which Mr. Gray and his daughter are depicted as dealing with it, deserve warm praise, and show that the writer is capable of much better things than some parts at least of his satire, which at best is tame after the fiery indignation of the French parallels, *Le Maudit*, *La Religieuse*, *Le Jésuite*, and *Le Moine*. A fair level of culture and reading is displayed throughout, but the author aims a little higher—would fain be thought learned, and cannot quite effect his purpose. When he gives his readers a genealogical tree running back long before the Norman Conquest, he lets them see that he thinks a local thegn might have had a well-established family name, such as Gray, at a time when the foremost man in England was, to highest and lowest, simply Harold Godwinson; and when he represents his antiquarian ultra-Ritualist, in his scorn of the Authorised Version, hesitating between the Rhemish and the Douai translations to use for the lessons in church, it is abundantly clear that he does not know that these two make up but one Bible between them, Douai furnishing, the Old Testament, and Rheims the New. But this lack of precision in matters of scholarship is largely compensated by some keen observation of the manners and customs of East Anglian peasant folk, which have more survivals of the remote past among them than can be found almost anywhere else in England.

RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE.

#### CURRENT LITERATURE.

*The Globe Encyclopædia of Universal Information.* Edited by John M. Ross, LL.D. Vol. I. (Edinburgh: Grange Publishing Works.) The appearance of this work may be regarded as a testimony to the success of the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It is intended, indeed, for a different class of readers, and is rather a compilation than a monument of original work; but it presumably marks the fact that the public are willing to receive yet a fresh dictionary of universal information. The full title has been aptly chosen, for the contents are more multifarious than in any previous publication of a similar order. The scientific subjects, on which the great Encyclopædias have put out their full strength, such as Anatomy or Astronomy, are merely defined in a few sentences, and their history is briefly sketched; while every alphabetical heading, to which a person of imperfect education would naturally turn to supply his deficiencies, is concisely but adequately treated. On one and the same page occur—an account of the horticultural process of Blanching or Etiolation; a summary biography of Louis Blanc; and a recipe for making Blanc-mange. It is evident that a work of this sort, which cannot borrow lustre from the fame of the individual contributors, must depend for its value almost entirely upon the merits of the editor-in-chief. On the whole, his functions have been most creditably performed. The comparative importance of the different subjects has been well distinguished in the varying length of the articles. The choice of the subjects themselves errs rather on the side of excessive comprehension than of omission. The strongest parts of the book are (1) all matters connected with Scotch Theology, Scotch History, and Scotch Law; (2) the lives of eminent foreigners, whether dead or still living; and (3) the scholarly and graceful treatment of everything included within the domain of English Language and Literature. The lists of authorities at the conclusion of the more important articles are exceptionally full and valuable. The worst fault to be noticed is under

the various headings which refer to English Law, where the positive mis-statements are even more numerous than the omissions. Even the Roman Law is not always correct. Another fault, which is more excusable, is the undue prominence which is persistently attached to the limited Caledonian aspect of such world-wide subjects as Agriculture and Banking. It is to be regretted, also, that the language of the articles is not entirely free from vulgarisms. With regard to the general accuracy of the facts, which is the supreme test of the value of such a publication, it is difficult for anyone to speak with sureness who is not himself an Encyclopædia editor. We have observed a considerable number of errors in points of minor importance, but no indications of culpable ignorance. The work of the printer has been accomplished with praiseworthy care; and it is to be assigned, perhaps, to the enterprise of the publishers that not a few events are recorded which have taken place in the first few months of the present year.

*Ten Years of My Life.* By the Princess Salm-Salm. (R. Bentley and Son.) The Princess Salm-Salm has some right to publish her experiences of life, for it is not often a woman has to tell that she has been safely through the American, the Mexican, and the Franco-Prussian wars, and can beg us, at the end, not to accuse her of levity, for that she "is not void of feeling may be proved by the fact that her hair has become grey since then, and she is scarcely past thirty." The fatigue, anxiety, and constant strain, which she went through would have killed most women, even if stray shots and shells had spared them; but there seems to be no reason why the Princess should not go through ten more wars, and still be at the end of them the gay, light-hearted woman who has penned these pages. The book might have been appropriately called "Chit-chat among the Tombs," for the chapters are full of scenes of terror and bloodshed, and yet the diary goes on cheerfully through them all, with its little jokes, and scandals, and gossip. The Princess meets at New York Prince Salm-Salm (the younger and impecunious son of a German family). She marries him, and obtains the command of a regiment for him by her own personal application to Governor Morgan. After the American war is over the husband and wife go to Mexico, where the Princess finds full scope for her diplomatic powers, for she is entrusted with a secret mission to Washington, &c. The Prince nearly loses his life in the cause of Maximilian, and the Princess almost effects the escape of the unfortunate Emperor. Failing in this, she is obliged to escape herself to Germany, where she is joined by her husband. They hang about the German Court and are made much of by the King and Queen, and get into pecuniary difficulties; but finally poor Prince Felix Salm-Salm is killed at the battle of Gravelotte, and his wife publishes his last "token of love" to her written the night before the battle, and says that she "will not attempt to describe her feelings, for words would be insufficient." No one can sufficiently admire the energy and ardour with which she worked among the soldiers, both in the nursing and commissariat departments; and it must always be a comfort to her to look back upon the fact that she allowed no selfish sorrow to interfere with her devotion. There is a delightful dog called Jimmy who figures largely in the book:—"His beautiful head has been caressed by three Emperors, and his four-legged soul has been sanctified by the touch of most holy cardinals and archbishops, not to speak of presidents, senators, simple highnesses, and generals." When the Princess Salm-Salm dies, "Jimmy's" likeness in black marble is to be placed above her ashes. To any one who wants a chatty account of the events which have most deeply stirred the world of late *Ten Years of My Life* can be cordially recommended.

THE interesting study of Shakspeare's treatment of mental disorder, which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, April 1, from the pen of a distinguished French physician, is now issued in a

separate form (*La Psychologie dans les Drames de Shakespeare, par le Dr. Onimus*, Paris: J. Claye). At a moment when Signor Rossi has once again raised the question of Hamlet's madness (to be finally settled only by Act of Parliament), it cannot but be satisfactory to contending laymen to find that doctors disagree. Dr. Onimus pronounces against the opinion of Drs. Bucknill, Brienne de Boismont, and other medical advisers of the Danish Prince, who have maintained that his condition is that of madness in the "period of incubation;" on the contrary, Hamlet's peculiar melancholic temperament, while it does not preserve him from sensorial illusions, almost excludes the possibility of insanity. Actresses who take the part of Lady Macbeth ought to be made aware, if they are not aware already, that while the wide-open eyes of a somnambulist are insensible to the brightest rays of light, as such, and to all objects which have not preoccupied the mind, such objects as form a part of its preoccupation may be perceived. The sensation of blood clinging to, and stiffening upon the skin, is vividly described; biographical critics will, no doubt, point out that Shakspeare must have made acquaintance with this sensation while operating on his father's sheep and calves. Of Macbeth it is noted that he questions the reality of his first hallucination—the dagger—but, as happens with persons subject to such illusions, falls afterwards more completely under their influence, so that he has no power while Banquo's apparition is present to argue it away. Shakspeare's gravest medical error occurs in the last scene of *Othello*. Had Desdemona, after the attempt to stifle her, been capable of uttering one word, she would presently have revived. We cannot afford to lose Desdemona's sublime falsehood, and must request some medical critic to assign another cause of death than asphyxia. It will interest the numerous friends of the late Sir John Falstaff to learn that he died (on Mrs. Quickly's evidence) of congestion of the brain and meningitis. A *post-mortem* on King Henry IV. would have revealed disease of the heart, and the intestinal canal of King John would have been found in a state of serious inflammation. We should like to have been informed (on April 1) whether Caliban's tendency to alcoholism was a case of heredity; whether Cressida suffered from tight-lacing; and what measures may be taken to save Mercutio for the fourth and fifth acts of the play.

DR. GOLL's account of the negotiations which preceded the marriage of Charles I. (*Die Französische Heirath*, Prag: Calvesche Buchhandlung) is a careful and thoughtful examination of the materials at his disposal, decidedly preferable to the portion of Guizot's *Projet de mariage royal* which relates to the French Treaty. Dr. Goll is able to go into details which would be out of place in the fullest general history, and it is, therefore, the more to be regretted that he has had scarcely any knowledge of the English State Papers relating to his subject, except so far as they have been already printed. His main position, that the marriage treaty was doomed from the beginning to disappoint those who hoped so much from it, is undoubtedly correct, though he is perhaps led thereby to overvalue persons who, like Tillières and Conway, objected in any way to the proceedings of those who were hurrying it on. Conway was in the whole course of his life so utterly inefficient, so prone simply to do as he was bid, that it is pleasant to find that he had some independence of thought, though it is difficult to follow Dr. Goll (p. 47) in ascribing action taken by the English ambassadors in France to his special influence, on the strength of a despatch which he wrote officially, and which must be therefore taken as conveying the king's directions. This is, however, a very small matter. Dr. Goll has done his work so well that we hope he will be encouraged to display his powers in a larger field.

DR. HANS PRUTZ, a tutor in the University of Berlin, has lately issued *Aus Phönicien geogra-*

*phische Skizzen und historische Untersuchungen* (Leipzig, 1875). The book is the result of a journey made by the author in the spring of 1874. He visited Phœnicia, and especially Tyre, with a commission from the German Imperial Chancery. Starting from a geographical point of view, he sketches the historical development of the Phœnician coast-land from the most remote times to the present day, and brings before the reader the scenes of action by means of picturesque descriptions. The greatest part of the book is devoted to Tyre, which was once so flourishing, but which is now, in its fallen estate, a wretched and dirty Turkish village under the name of Sur. Dr. Prutz attempts to ascertain by a close investigation the topography of the Island City, which is now beneath the waves of the sea. He treats at considerable length the period of the Crusades, in which Tyre played a conspicuous part. He thinks that the celebrated ruins of the cathedral of Tyre are the remains of a church of St. Mark established by the Venetians, and he gives information about the monuments and inscriptions which have been there discovered. With respect to this church his views differ widely from those of his companion, Prof. Sepp. The book is written in a clear and easy style. It is understood that the author has made up his mind to make a second journey of investigation in the same regions.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER has left England for a year's holiday, and is now settled in his new quarters in Germany. He hopes that the rest, combined with change of air and society, will completely restore his health.

MR. DUTTON COOK has in the press a volume of studies and illustrations of histrionic story, life, and character, to be entitled *A Book of the Play*. It will be published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.

THE sixth part of the Palaeographical Society's facsimiles is now ready for distribution. It contains specimens taken from the Codex Claromontanus, and the fragments of the Homilies of St. Avitus written on papyrus, of the sixth century, in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris; from the Euclid of the Bodleian Library, A.D. 889; the Townley Homer, A.D. 1255; the Lothair Psalter of Messrs. Ellis and White, *circa*. A.D. 825; a Latin Bible of the thirteenth century; Aelfric's *Heptateuch*, in English of the beginning of the eleventh century; and a MS. of the earlier Wycliffite translation of the Bible.

We receive with hearty satisfaction the renewed announcement that a Library Edition of the Poetical Works of Shelley is shortly to be published by Messrs. Reeves and Turner: "a reprint and variorum edition in four handsome volumes octavo." Mr. H. Buxton Forman, well known as a capable critic of poetry, is the editor. "The principle on which Mr. Forman has prepared the text" (so runs the printed announcement) "has never yet been applied to Shelley's works. The volumes published by Shelley during his lifetime are being reprinted precisely as they stand—except where there are obvious printer's errors, or writer's inadvertences; but, as these are often matters of opinion, the editor does not deviate in so much as a comma or a single letter from the original without indicating in a foot-note the precise change made." We hardly know why this should be put forward as a new principle in relation to Shelley; it is a medium between the principle consistently acted upon by Mr. W. M. Rossetti in his two-volume edition, and that professed in the later edition of Mr. R. H. Shepherd, and carried out by him with substantial though not absolute uniformity. Mr. Rossetti used Shelley's own editions whenever accessible to him, and made no change of any sort of importance from his various authorities without specifying it in a note; though it is true that

mere commas, or mere letters viewed orthographically, when involving no serious consequences, were not treated with this particularity. Mr. Shepherd used Shelley's first editions, and professed to make no change whatever. Mr. Forman proceeds:—"Some of the most important of those poems which first appeared after Shelley's death are given from MS. sources, instead of being reproduced from the incorrect editions hitherto circulated" (this was also the case, we may observe, in Mr. Rossetti's edition); "and for purposes of revision, as well as for variorum readings, MSS. of works published in the poet's lifetime, as well as those of posthumous works, have been consulted. The highly important Leigh Hunt MSS., and other unique sources of information, have enabled the editor not only to set the text right with absolute certainty in innumerable instances, but also to give the reading public poems by Shelley not hitherto known to Shelley students." Explanatory notes, mostly of textual bearing, will be added. "The first volume, now almost ready, will contain a poem on Shelley's death, by his widow; an edition of *Laon and Cythna*, printed from the actual copy on which Shelley made the MS. changes converting the poem into *The Revolt of Islam*; a hitherto unengraved portrait of the poet; and other interesting matter." This portrait, we can apprise our readers, is Mrs. Leigh Hunt's posthumous bust of Shelley, ably etched by Mr. W. B. Scott; a bust which Hunt used to commend as giving a very true idea of the expression of Shelley when listening to conversation which interested and impressed him. That it is "hitherto unengraved" is not, we think, true in an unqualified sense. We used to be familiar with a profile portrait of Shelley, one of the illustrations to a book, carefully engraved so as to simulate a medallion; and this we regard as adapted from Mrs. Hunt's bust. Mr. Scott is now fortunate enough to own that cast of the bust which was presented by Hunt to Carlyle—an indifferent or reluctant recipient. Every point in Mr. Forman's announcement is big with interest to Shelleyites. There cannot be too many editions of Shelley, nor any one of them too painstaking; and we wish Mr. Forman and his publishers the utmost success. Nothing is said in this programme on the question of copyright; certain it is, however, that several poems by Shelley, or important variations of poems, have heretofore been published which are still copyright, and could only under special arrangement be re-used by Messrs. Reeves and Turner.

THE NEW YORK *Nation* quotes from the *Star of the East* a report that there exists in the library of the convent of St. John the Baptist, at Serrai, a second Greek MS. relating to St. Clement of Rome, dating from the beginning of the eleventh century (1008). This MS. consists of forty-nine sheets, is written in double columns, upon pages of vellum of unusual size, is addressed, in the form of a letter, to James, the brother of the Lord, and has the title: "Life of the Holy Martyr Clement, Bishop of Rome, disciple of the holy Apostle Peter." Heretofore, only the Latin translation of this work was known to be in existence.

SIR EDMUND BECKETT, Bart., author of *Clocks, Watches, and Bells; Lectures on Church Building; Astronomy without Mathematics*, &c., has in preparation a new work to be entitled *A Book on Building*. The subject will be treated both in its legal and practical aspects, and the volume should be of interest and value to professional as well as to non-professional readers. The publishers will be Messrs. Crosby Lockwood and Co., of Stationers' Hall Court.

M. GROEN VAN PRINSTERER's death removes a scholar who will be chiefly known outside his own country as the learned and laborious compiler of the *Archives de la Maison d'Orange-Nassau*. The letters and documents comprised in that



series carry us from the outbreak of the Revolution of the Netherlands to the establishment of the commercial oligarchy upon the death of William II. His comments and prefaces are instinct with the warmest admiration of Calvinism and the Calvinistic House of Orange, and in his latest work, *Maurice et Barneveldt*, he manfully stood up for the son of William the Silent against Mr. Motley's enthusiasm for the Arminian statesman. Even those who are unable to look at history from his point of view may well acknowledge that he has done good service in drawing attention to the merits of a cause which has found scant favour with modern historians.

MR. FITZJAMES STEPHEN, Q.C., has been preparing a Digest of the Law of Evidence, in which he has attempted to reduce this important branch of the law to the form of a connected system of intelligible rules and principles. The work, which will make a small volume of about 200 pp., will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

COLONEL MEADOWS TAYLOR, whose death at Mentone during the current month has been noticed by some of our contemporaries, was an officer enjoying reputation both as a soldier, a literary and scientific man, and an artist. Though not holding a commission in the Company's or Royal army, he rose to the command of a regiment in the forces of the Nizam, and was long employed in the civil administration of His Highness's districts. His services in the suppression of Thuggee, and in political charge of Berar during the Indian mutinies, were such as to merit public recognition from the Indian Government; and he would no doubt have received this at an earlier period of his career had he been a covenanted servant of the State. As it was, he was rewarded with a Companionship of the Star of India in 1869, eight years after his return to England. His commission in the Nizam's army dated from December 1824. Colonel Taylor will be best known to the literary world by his *Confessions of a Thug*, a work now forty years old, and once in high favour among many readers. A new and cheap edition was issued by Messrs. Henry S. King and Co., in 1873, as the first of a series of republished tales by the same author, whose *Ralph Darnell*, *Sita*, and *Tipu Sultan*, may be yet fresh in the memory of admirers. *Tara*, published by Messrs. Blackwood in 1863, was very favourably received, and would have acquired more general popularity had its characters and scenery been better understood by an English public.

At the last meeting of the Cambridge Anti-quarian Society, the Rev. G. F. Browne read a paper on "Hobson's House." Mr. Browne traced a tenement called "le George," in the possession of Corpus Christi College in 1460, and in the occupation of an "innholder and carrier" in 1556, into the possession of Helen Hobson, widow, in 1580. Helen Hobson was the mother of Thomas Hobson, the well-known carrier. Thomas Hobson died in 1631, leaving his dwelling-house in Bene't parish to his son Thomas. In 1637 Catherine Hall acquired the tenement originally known as "The George," and pulled down the stables, &c., in the yard, which the college books call "Hobson's yard." The rent of the house was for some time entered as from "Hobson's House."

In the article on the "Loan Collection of Scientific Instruments" in our last number, at p. 488, col. c., the passage relating to the Napier Bones should have read: "the 'Napier Bones,' made about 1700; invented by the originator of logarithms, and used for performing division and multiplication." Napier himself died in 1617.

THE committee of an interesting international historical society, "Verein für Geschichte des Bodensees und Umgebung," held a preliminary meeting in Rorschach a few days ago, in order to make arrangements for its annual congress, which

is to be held on September 24 and 25. The association numbers more than 700 members, who belong mainly to those Swiss cantons and German States whose territories border upon the Lake of Constance. The programme is a very full one; it includes, among other engagements, a lecture by Prof. Meyer von Knonau, of Zürich, whose subject is not yet announced; a paper upon the boundaries, circumference, and the oldest towns of the ancient Thurgau; one by Prof. Kaufmann on the Swabian War of 1499; another by President A. Naef, of St. Gallen, upon the history of Rorschach and its surrounding fortresses and castles. Musikdirektor Szadowsky will give a lecture upon Notker and the famous contemporary music-school of the monastery of St. Gallen, with illustrations of the works of the local composers of the ninth century, which are to be executed by the pupils of the Marienkloster. A musical parchment of the thirteenth or fourteenth century containing Notker's *Media vita in morte sumus* will be exhibited by the president of the association. It may be remembered that this noble canticle, best known of all the works of the stammerer (Notker Balbulus), is said to have been composed in this neighbourhood, as its author observed a number of workmen who were building a bridge suspended between life and death over the abyss with no protection but their slight scaffoldings; or, as others say, upon seeing one of them accidentally killed in the Martinstobel.

THE Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin has awarded all the funds available for the Bopp Prizes of 1876-77 to Prof. August Fick of Göttingen, in recognition of his eminent services in the prosecution of philological enquiry. Prof. Fick is at present engaged in the revision and enlargement of his *Comparative Dictionary of the Indo-Germanic Languages*, which, together with his more recent works, *The Early Unity of the Indo-Germanic Races of Europe* (1873) and *Greek Personal Names* (1874), has earned for him a distinguished place among German philologists.

HERR FRIEDRICH VON HELLWALD, who has succeeded Dr. Peschel as editor of the *Ausland*, is engaged in compiling a geography on the principles adopted by Elysée Réclus in his *Géographie Universelle*. Herr von Hellwald's work, which is to appear in fifty numbers, is entitled *Die Erde und ihre Völker* (The Earth and its Inhabitants), and is to be published at Stuttgart by W. Spemann and Co.

THE *Rivista Europea* for May contains a long letter from Prof. Max Müller on his controversy with Prof. Whitney. The same magazine contains an article by Signor Bartolomeo Malfatti, on the condition of Lombardy at the time of its conquest by the Franks. Signor Malfatti aims at showing how the similarity between the institutions of the conquered country and those of the Franks accounts for its peaceable occupation by Charles the Great. There is an article by Signor N. Caix, in which he defends his views about the "Contrasto" of Cuillo d'Alcamo. His position is that the poem was produced under French, rather than Romance influences, and was perhaps inspired by the *Pastorelle* of John of Brienne.

We have received *Three Feathers*, by William Black, cheap edition (Sampson Low and Co.); *Alice Lorraine*, by R. D. Blackmore, sixth edition (Sampson Low and Co.); *The Vulture-Maiden*, by W. von Hillern, trans. C. Bell and E. F. Poynter (Tauchnitz edition); *The Sportsman's Guide*, &c., for Scotland, ed. J. Watson Lyall (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.); *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, July, 1875-April, 1876 (Trübner); *Grasp your Nettle*, by E. Lynn Linton, new edition (Smith, Elder and Co.); *Too much Alone*, by Mrs. J. H. Riddell (Warne); *The Race for Wealth*, by the same (Warne); *Die Ehe*, von Prof. Dr. Watterich, 2. Auflage (Nördlingen: Beck); *Terra Incognita; or, the Convents of the United Kingdom*, Popular edition (Burns and

Oates); *La Haute Banque et les Révolutions*, par Auguste Chirac, deuxième édition (Paris: Amyot); *Bibliographie zur Geschichte der beiden Türkenbelagerungen Wiens*, von Heinrich Kábdebo (Wien: Faesy); *Papst Gregor VII. und die Bischofswahlen*, von Otto Meltzer, 2. Aufl. (Dresden: Schönfeld).

## OBITUARY.

GROEN VAN PRINSTERER, M., May 19, aged 75.

## NOTES OF TRAVEL.

IN the *Explorateur* of May 11 is a letter from the Abbé Bouche, formerly missionary in Dahomey, discussing the question of the French claim to a portion of the coastland of the Dahoman territory, a subject which is of interest since attention has again been drawn to this part of West Africa. Admitting that France has no claim upon Whydah, he holds that the cession of the district of Cotonou (Cutanee) to that country remains valid.

LETTERS from the Count Pietro Savorgnan di Brazza, published in the *Bollettino della Società Geografica Italiana*, describe the beginning of his expedition inland by the Ogowé river in West Africa. He is accompanied by the naturalist Marche, the physician Ballay, a quartermaster of the French navy, and a party of natives of the Senegal or Gaboon, and steamed up the Ogowé as far as the village port of Ilimba Reni in December last. According to the letters of January, 1876, the latest dates, he was then leaving the country of the Okanda.

THE *Riga News* announces that the Swedish botanist Arnell, and the zoologists Theel and Trübner will shortly leave Stockholm for Riga, on their way to St. Petersburg, whence they will proceed to Siberia to join the scientific expedition of Prof. Nordenskiöld.

A LETTER from Krasnovodsk in the *Baku News* dated April 10, describes an earthquake which took place on that day. Two distinct shocks were felt in rapid succession, and of sufficient strength to affect the vessels lying at anchor in the roads; while, on the land, piles of firewood stored up under sheds were upset.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Invalides Russe*, in a letter from Petro Alexandrovsk dated March 20, says that nothing has occurred to disturb the peace in the Amu-daria department or the Khanat of Khiva. Despite the severity of the winter, and the strength of the ice on the river, which bore well everywhere, not a single instance of plundering or marauding incursion was recorded. Rumours were certainly current among the population of the disturbances in Kokand, but nothing serious came of them, and as soon as the Khivan Government had received official intimation of the incorporation of that Khanat into the empire, a congratulatory embassy was despatched. The sanitary condition of the troops is described as excellent, and only twenty-three men were reported in hospital. Another correspondent of the same paper, writing from Kokand, says that Fulat-Bek (*Fulat-Beg*—the steel prince) was held in great abhorrence by the natives for his excessive cruelty and brutality. His favourite pastime was slaughtering innocent people like so many sheep. This odious monster is said to have taken the lives of 3,700 people during his short rule in Marghilan. He was particularly relentless towards the family of Hudoyar Khan, slaying not only the wives of his rival, but also the little children. After the capture of Marghilan by Skobelev, this general would not allow his men to occupy the citadel—i.e. the late residence of Pulad—for it literally reeked with blood, and had become a disgusting charnel-house.

At the evening meeting on May 13 of the Ethnological Section of the Russian Geographical Society, M. J. Veniukoff read the report of the special commission charged to examine into the

proposal to publish in an abridged form all the information that has appeared in foreign literature, especially English, on Upper Asia. The committee, while heartily approving of the idea, has suggested that a catalogue of books and articles relating to High Asia and its inhabitants should be published in the *Proceedings* of the Society, with an introductory essay on the geography and ethnology, and a map of the country.

THE German papers announce the return to Alexandria of Drs. Paul Güssfeldt and Schweinfurth from their recent expedition to the Coptic monasteries of St. Anthony and St. Paul, on the borders of the Red Sea. The drought occasioned by a two years' absence of rain had frustrated the travellers' intention of making the ascent of Jebel Chârib, one of the highest summits of the mountain chain of the Red Sea. The expedition was otherwise successful, and in addition to the large number of astronomical and meteorological determinations which they made, they have collected many interesting scientific data, which they hope will materially contribute towards a better acquaintance with these hitherto imperfectly explored districts of the African shores.

A RECENT number of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* contained an interesting report from the Austrian Post-Councillor, Herr Riederer, of the progress of his scheme for organising a regular postal system in Persia. Herr Riederer's communication is dated Teheran, and was despatched on April 1, at which period a weekly postal communication had been carried on since the middle of February between Teheran and Tabriz, and as far as the Russian frontier to Djoulfa and Rescht-Enzeli. After long and anxious waiting he had succeeded early in November in procuring 8,000 francs of the sum promised him for the execution of his schemes, and with this small amount he had ventured on the novel task of establishing post-offices in the most important towns of north-western Persia, and had organised a system of mounted letter-carriers, whose efficiency and trustworthiness have thus far proved even more satisfactory than he had hoped for. The native population has shown much favour to the new postal institution, which at present provides for the delivery of small parcels as well as letters, both of which are carried in saddle-bags by two horsemen, who constitute the entire force needed for each special delivery. Herr Riederer anticipates, however, so great an increase in the number of letters and parcels presented for transmission that it will soon be necessary to employ pack-horses and extra relays of men, and the success of the undertaking thus far has encouraged him to attempt establishing a money-order system in connexion with the existing letter-carrying arrangements. In this he has met with much help from the Persian traders in all the principal towns on his post-roads, and he believes that if only the brigands can be kept in check he may succeed in extending a thoroughly efficient postal organisation to every part of the interior of the Persian kingdom.

#### THE SOCIETY FOR HANSEATIC HISTORY.

THE annual meeting of the Society for Hanseatic History ("Hansischer Geschichte Verein") is fixed to take place at Cologne in Whitsun week, on June 6, 7 and 8. Besides the learned representatives of the principal Baltic cities of Hamburg, Bremen, and of several North German universities, some Flemish and Dutch historians are expected to honour the gathering this year by their presence. Indeed, for all those who are engaged on researches in the municipal development of Northern Europe no better meeting-place could be selected than the ancient metropolitan city on the Rhine, which, being the centre of commerce and general intercourse in the Middle Ages as well as at present, was one of the foremost members of the famous league. Englishmen who are anxious to attend may like to be informed

that the members of the society, together with their friends and guests, will meet during the first two days at fixed hours in the celebrated Hanse-Hall of the *Rathhaus* to transact business and to attend lectures and discourses on civic history, both German and Italian. There is to be a public dinner in the *Gürzereich* (Guildhall), and visits to the different churches and to some magnificent collections of early art will be conducted by the chief local antiquarians.

The principal object of the gathering, however, is the account to be given of more serious work performed under the superintendence and by the means of the society. Though some valuable publications have already been issued since the society was set on foot six years ago, and though the annual volumes of translations (*Hansische Geschichtsblätter*) contain many learned and interesting papers on cognate subjects, nothing of greater and more universal importance has been achieved hitherto than the publication of *Hansisches Urkundenbuch, bearbeitet von Konstantin Höhlbaum*. Band 1. (Halle: Waisenhaus.) Immense progress in collecting and editing documentary materials has indeed been made since Sætorius and Lappenberg issued their well-known collection in 1830. Only by such an elaborate method as is applied to the documents in this new *Codex Diplomaticus* can a sufficient amount of evidence be obtained on the early development of municipal liberty within this federation of North German cities, and on the wide extent of its operation. Since the publication of *Die Recesse und andere Akten der Hansetage von 1256-1430*, edited by Karl Koppmann, of which three volumes have been already issued by the Munich Historical Commission, it has been known that these cities were not content with merely material progress, and we have now laid before us the political tendencies of the towns. As in English history the Acts of Parliament do not become continuous till a considerable time after the institution itself sprang up, so in the federal history of the Hanse towns: from a large mass of documents, charters, privileges, treaties, letters of protection, briefs, tariffs, the first vestiges of the league can be traced long before the Acts of its Diets are extant. Indeed, the germs are to be met with as early as the tenth century, and for a long time point chiefly to an intimate intercourse between north-western Germany and England since the days of Otto III. and Aethelred II., of which Cologne was the centre. From the twelfth century onwards documents relating to commerce with Holland, Flanders, England and France accumulate in rapid proportion. About the same time, during the epoch of Henry the Lion and the great Hohenstaufen Emperors, German navigators and merchants scoured the Baltic in every direction. Lübeck rose to be the central point of the league, and Wisby in the island of Gothland was the most useful outpost towards Denmark and Sweden, while Novgorod with its Hanseatic factory does not yield in importance to London with its Steel-yard.

Yet none of these successes were gained without strong opposition, and many a tough struggle. The towns were forced into federal ties by powerful dynastic and aristocratic enemies at home, and by the antagonism of other nations abroad. They had to arm themselves for warfare on land and sea. Able factors and agents laid the foundation of a shrewd diplomacy, by which any political emergency in neighbouring countries was met as soon as it was desired. A municipal code of law based on pure Teutonic principles spread in all directions. The statutes of Lübeck were adopted by many a new civic foundation within and without the political frontiers of the nation. The commercial law of the confederated cities was accepted as a rule by the chief nations of northern Europe. The history of the Hanse is thus hardly less important, and frequently of much more real consequence to universal history, than that of the Holy Roman Empire, which was

so strangely attached to the heels of the German nation.

Herr Höhlbaum's first volume deals with the rise and growth of the federation down to the year 1300. The editor has collected 1,376 articles. Many documents which have been printed before are only registered. All, however, are carefully dated and annotated. The old Russian treaties appear for the first time in correct German translations. Much care and labour are spent on minute editing and on elaborate indexes, geographical and personal. The first index by itself is quite a mine for the mediaeval geography of a considerable part of Europe. The learned editor, who belongs to the rising generation of German historians, and who visited personally between twenty and thirty city archives, from Reval to Cologne, promises a second volume with no great delay.

It is also to be expected that the first volume of *Hanse Recesse* since the year 1431, edited for the society by G. Freiherr von der Ropp, will likewise be completed and issued simultaneously with the meeting in June. Its accomplished editor has lately published a small volume which will be highly welcome to Northern historians, *Zur Deutsch-Skandinavischen Geschichte des XV. Jahrhunderts* (Leipzig: Duncker und Humblot). The most valuable portion of it is an investigation and critical dissection of the sources of Swedish history in the fifteenth century. It is curious to observe how the early historians of that country were more or less influenced by the commercial and political intercourse with the southern shores of the Baltic, the most powerful medium of which about that period was the German Hanse.

R. PAULI.

#### LETTER FROM EGYPT.

Cairo: May 6, 1876.

Six months have now elapsed since the first meeting of the Société Khédiviale de Géographie. The quarterly *Bulletin*, the issue of which has been looked forward to with interest, has at length appeared. The interesting matter—accompanied by excellent maps—which it contains would seem to augur a brilliant and useful future for the Society. I fear, however, that hopes based upon this first Report of Proceedings may prove illusory. The Khedive has, perhaps, been led to count too much upon the scientific forces which Egypt can muster. Not that the will is wanting; for members have attended the *séances* in large numbers. But the weight of business has fallen almost exclusively upon the President, and still more upon the Secretary, M. le Marquis de Compiegne, who has found it necessary to exert a most continuous and praiseworthy activity. Again, the diversity of languages spoken here has presented difficulties which were not sufficiently calculated. Arabic, of course, was out of the question, as a means of communication; and, for that matter, there are not more than three or four native members who take an active part in the proceedings of the Society. French has very naturally been chosen, as being the language most widely spoken. Unfortunately, however, a majority of the more active members are by no means so familiar with the language as to be fluent speakers or useful contributors—a fact which has detracted considerably from the interest of the discussions.

It was also expected that considerable advantage, from a scientific point of view, would have resulted from the numerous expeditions organised by the Egyptian staff, both in the lately acquired territories of Darfour and Harar, and in other parts of Central Africa. The American officers, however, of whose zeal to do good service no question can be raised, are for the most part rather good and hardy soldiers than scientific explorers. This fact, and the expression of differences of opinion as to this fact, have given rise to little dissensions between the President of the



Geographical Society, Dr. Schweinfurth, and the Egyptian staff, of which manifestations were given at the first meeting of the Society. From this original want of harmony, which is much to be regretted, has originated an element of discord which has been extremely prejudicial to the interests of the Society. A private letter from Dr. Schweinfurth to one of his friends, which was imprudently published in a German paper, has been the cause of a certain amount of animosity, such as to cause Dr. Schweinfurth to deem it advisable to tender his resignation. It is probable that he will take up his residence at Leipzig, where he has been invited to accept the Professorship of Geography and Ethnology (Völker- und Länder-kunde) in the University.

The loss of this distinguished *savant* will be serious, perhaps irreparable, for this Society, which he has, so to speak, created, and of which he has been the main support.

It had been Dr. Schweinfurth's intention to devote himself to a careful study, by means of a series of expeditions, of the desert tracts bordering upon Egypt proper, including the Western Oases, and especially to unravel the mysteries of that region of mountains and depressions which extends from the Arabian chain to the Red Sea. He has just returned from accomplishing one small portion of the undertaking, and it is to be feared that his work will not be taken up for a long time to come, involving as it does much labour and patience. Besides, it is a task that is not likely to prove very productive of striking results, and one that will, therefore, tempt few, if any, explorers.

I am unable to say who will succeed as President of the Geographical Society. Perhaps it will be the learned Baron de Heuglin, who is at present at Cairo. He was invited to come here, in all haste, by the Khedive, upon the death of Munzinger Pasha, who was so unfortunately killed at Tedjoura. Notwithstanding the readiness with which he complied with the summons, M. Heuglin has been, to all intents and purposes, forgotten during the Abyssinian campaign: and he has been by no means pleased with this negligence.

The library of the "Darb-el-Gemamiz," which already contains literary treasures of so great a value, has lately been enriched by the addition of a large portion of the Oriental works, chiefly MSS., of the late Mustafa Fazil Pasha, of Constantinople. They are not yet classified so as to admit of a description in detail.

M. L. Flamm, who has lately been paying a visit to Egypt, has met with the success which his ingenious system of secret telegraphy deserves. The "Cryptograph" has been adopted by the Egyptian Government—as it has been by almost all the Governments to which it has been submitted—and by numerous private individuals.

It is now very generally known, without any preaching of the fact, that the Egyptian of the rising generation is always ready (sometimes, perhaps, too ready) to hear and to see some new thing. Therefore, among other inventions, the "Type-writer," lately introduced by Mr. Remington, is receiving a due share of attention; and is likely to take its place, as a contrivance of really practical utility, in public offices here as elsewhere. Visitors to Egypt are strangely surprised to find how closely, in its town life, this country is treading upon the heels of the ever-advancing European civilisation.

ROLAND L. N. MICHELL.

#### SELECTED BOOKS.

##### General Literature.

- AULNOY, M<sup>me</sup>. d'. La cour et la ville de Madrid vers la fin du XVII<sup>e</sup> siècle. Édition nouvelle, revue et annotée par M<sup>me</sup>. B. Carey. Paris: Plon. 8 fr.
- GOLDZWEIG, J. Der Mythos bei den Hebräern u. seine geschichtliche Entwicklung. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 10 M.
- GORDON, T. E. The Roof of the World; being the Narrative of a Journey over the High Plateau of Tibet to the Russian Frontier and the Oxus Sources on Pamir. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 31s. 6d.

- GUERZONI, G. Il teatro italiano nel secolo XVIII. Milano: Treves. 8 L.
- HARLES, W. South Australia: its History, Resources, Productions, and Statistics. Sampson Low & Co. 25s.
- HENRIET, P. Le paysagiste aux champs. Paris: A. Lévy. 12 fr.
- LOUANDRE, Ch. Histoire de la littérature française par les monuments depuis ses origines jusqu'à nos jours. Paris: Dupont.
- POREL, P., et G. MONVAL. L'Odéon, histoire du second Théâtre Français (1782-1818). Paris: Lemerre. 7 fr. 50 c.
- SYMONDS, J. A. Studies of Greek Poets. Second Series. Smith, Elder, & Co. 10s. 6d.

#### History.

- DUCROT, le général. La défense de Paris (1870-1871). Paris: Dentu.
- LE MARCHANT, the late Sir Denis. Memoir of Earl Spencer (Lord Althorp). Bentley. 16s.
- PUYOL, R. Edmond Richer. Etude historique et critique sur la rénovation du gallicanisme au commencement du XVII<sup>e</sup> siècle. T. 1. 1559-1612. Paris: Ollivier.
- SKENE, W. F. Celtic Scotland: a History of Ancient Alban. Book I. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 15s.
- VALRAS, le comte de. Don Carlos VII. et l'Espagne carliste, histoire politique et militaire de la guerre carliste de 1872 à 1876. Paris: Fochoz.
- ZELLER, J. L'empire germanique et l'église au moyen-âge. Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 50 c.

#### Physical Science.

- DOELTER, C. Die Bestimmung der petrographisch wichtigen Mineralien durch das Mikroskop. Wien: Hölder. 1 M. 20 Pf.
- SEMPER, C. Reisen im Archipel der Philippinen. 2. Thl. Wissenschaftliche Resultate. 2. Bd. Malacologische Untersuchungen v. R. Bergh. 10. Hft. Wiesbaden: Kreidel. 18 M.

#### Philology.

- AYERROFF, Il testo arabo del Commento medio di, alla *Rhetorica* di Aristotele, pubblicato per la prima volta da Fausto Lasinio. Firenze: Le Monnier.
- MILLER, E. Mélanges de philologie et d'épigraphie. 1<sup>re</sup> partie. Paris: Didier.
- PARIS, G. Chansons du XV<sup>e</sup> siècle, publiées d'après le manuscrit de la Bibliothèque Nationale de Paris. Paris: Firmin Didot. 12 fr. 50 c.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

PROF. MAX MÜLLER AND BUDDHISM.

London: May 22, 1876.

In the remarks I am about to offer my desire is, not to arouse a controversy which has for some time slept, but rather to touch one side of the subject-matter which never came into the controversy at all. Prof. Max Müller's lecture *On Missions* (December, 1873) called forth a protest from Mr. A. C. Lyall in 1874, and the former has replied in the article "On the Vitality of Brahmanism" in the fourth volume of his *Chips from a German Workshop*. These papers have reference to the view of Brahmanism taken in the lecture. I desire now to invite attention to the view there taken of Buddhism. The lecturer made a general survey of the positions taken up by the six great religions of the world, and classified them as non-missionary and missionary—in the former category including Judaism, Brahmanism, and Zoroastrianism; in the latter, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity. He intimated that the contest is really between those armies which assume the offensive, and he gave wise counsel to those who go out to battle for Christianity desiring that it shall "conquer in the Holy War of the future" (*Chips*, vol. iv. p. 280). By missionary religions he explains (p. 318) that he means "those in which the spreading of the truth and the conversion of unbelievers are raised to the rank of a sacred duty by the founder or his immediate successors." Such a classification, correct as we should deem it in a mere historical survey, seems hardly satisfactory in a lecture the object of which is, from a survey of present positions, to direct the coming campaign.

Now, we are all aware that religions, like peoples and governments, change with time. We do not say that Rome in the times of the Emperors was a republic because it was so in the days of the first consuls. The later condition was the result of continuous growth, but the contrast discloses a change of essential importance in the very heart of the state. So modern Christianity is not primitive Christianity. The missionary spirit has indeed, but fitfully, been maintained; but what of the communistic spirit

which, perhaps with its founder, and certainly with "his immediate successors," was of hardly secondary importance?

There is nothing, in fact, to prevent a missionary religion becoming non-missionary, nor anything to prevent a non-missionary religion becoming missionary. Prof. Max Müller (*Chips*, vol. iv. pp. 319, 320) states that his lecture has had the effect of rousing the Jewish and Parsi communities to take action for the revival or generation of the missionary or proselytising spirit. It may be that some such movement is already taking shape. And it is certain that, when pressed harder and harder by the attacking hosts, these religions will strike out for existence, and they may strike out for conquest.

And of Buddhism I say that, though it was endued by its "founder and his immediate successors" with the missionary spirit, it has long since ceased to regard "the spreading of the truth and the conversion of believers" as a sacred duty. Even the great Asoka (on the Pillars) preaches universal toleration rather than the dogmas of Buddhism:—

"A man must honour his own faith without blaming that of another. . . . He, whoever he may be, who honours his own faith and blames that of another out of devotion to his own, and says, moreover, 'Let us make our faith conspicuous,' that man, I say, who acts thus injures the faith he holds. . . . Further, may men of all faiths abound in knowledge and prosper in virtue!"

And this universal toleration has at least since the days of Asoka been more characteristic of Buddhism than missionary zeal. What is its present position? It maintains its hold in Ceylon, Burma, Siam, Thibet, Mongolia, China and Japan. Its phases in these distant lands differ very much. In Ceylon, as Prof. Childers says (*Pali Dict.* s. v. Nibbānam), it "retains almost its pristine purity." In Burma and Siam it is altered under Mongolian influences; in China and Japan it seems to have but a lax hold; while the Buddhism of Thibet, living though it be, contrasts as strongly with that of Ceylon as the services at St. Peter's, Rome, do with those of a village kirk in Scotland. Of these countries Ceylon is the only one with which I have personal acquaintance; and I can confidently assert that the missionary spirit is as dormant there as if it were non-existent. The population of Ceylon is, roughly speaking, two and a half millions: the Buddhists number about one million and a half: the non-Buddhists nearly a million; and though there are over 5,000 Buddhist priests, there is no attempt whatever made to convert that large minority. And this is the country in which perhaps the highest authority tells us that "Buddhism retains almost its pristine purity." Prof. Childers refers of course to purity of dogma and ritual; and, indeed, the Sinhalese priests are good Buddhists, though they are not missionaries, just as we might say that our bishops are good Christians, though they are not communists.

The missionary spirit seems to be similarly dormant in Burma, Siam, China and Japan: but I dare not speak confidently about these. From Thibet alone, so far as I am aware, could it be plausibly asserted that the missionary spirit has breathed in these latter days. From the Himalayas to Kamtschatka, it is true, the Thibetan lamas have won a certain dominion; but there is reason to believe that this conquest has been effected by the influences of a civilised over a nomadic race, just as the hill tribes of India are gradually being embraced by Brahmanism, and for the sake of profit and power rather than of following devoutly the commands of the great Teacher. M. Hue (*Travels*, vol. i. p. 37) remarks: "In point of fact there is no Lamaseri of any importance in Tartary the Grand Lama or superior of which is not a man from Thibet;" and further on (pp. 174, 5) he amusingly describes how, on the death of a great Lama or living Buddha in Tartary, the

Tartars inquire of an augur where their Buddha has come to life again, and the augur, after some quackery, directs them to seek for him somewhere in Thibet; and when these simple folk make pious pilgrimage to the place to escort home their divinely-appointed bishop, they often meet him already on his way thither. The offices of emolument and consideration are reserved for the Thibetans just as those in England were at one time reserved for Italians. There seems to be no effort to convert those of equal or higher civilisation.

If this is the present state of things as between Thibet and Tartary, and if the other Buddhist countries are as I believe they are, and as I know Ceylon to be, we may truly conclude that the missionary spirit is gone from Buddhism; that its revival there, where it was, is as problematical as its generation in Judaism, where it was not; and that so far as the future is concerned, Buddhism holds a similar position to Brahmanism, Judaism, and Zoroastrianism. It is inexact to include it with Christianity and Mohammedanism in the remark, "They all have faith in themselves, they all have life and vigour, they want to convince, they mean to conquer" (*Chips*, iv., p. 255).

A. GRAY.

#### DR. SCHLIEMANN'S EXCAVATIONS.

Ventnor: May 22, 1876.

Since Dr. Schliemann has obtained permission to excavate again on the site which he has made so interesting to archaeology, may we not hope that in his future work on it he may be persuaded to associate with himself some exact and scientific archaeologist who will do what the Doctor himself utterly neglected to do in his previous digging—viz., make such notes on the disposition of all articles found as shall mark distinctly the relations of them, and who will look at everything without reference to some preconceived theory which is to be sustained by the results of the excavation?

Dr. Schliemann had an opportunity of rendering an eminent service to science in these excavations, but, through want of method and archaeological knowledge, he has not by them added a single scientific fact (I speak advisedly) to what we knew either of Troy or of pre-Hellenic archaeology; while the utter worthlessness of the photographs appended to his work does not enable us to form any conception of the most important point which might have been cleared up by him, and one of which he himself seems to have had no notion whatever—viz., the character of the wall-structure in the successive layers of *débris* through which he dug; and until some properly trained observer goes over the ground again and makes such a comparison with known and dated (relatively) remains as shall mark with approximation the architectural place of the ruins which Dr. Schliemann uncovered, we are not in a position to assign new conjectural value to what they contained. If these ruins are to be further ransacked in the unscientific way in which they have been begun, it were better for science that Dr. Schliemann let them alone.

W. J. STILLMAN.

#### OXFORD IN THE PRE-EXAMINATION PERIOD.

London: May 22, 1876.

I am very glad to see that Mr. Cheyne has come forward as a vindicator of eighteenth-century Oxford. He shows that at the beginning of the last century there were not only disinterested students of subjects that lay quite outside of the ordinary University curriculum, but that, more wonderful still, these men were not only allowed to pursue their studies in peace, but were actually encouraged and supported by Masters of Colleges and other august personages. Nor was Arabic the only subject they studied in this manner at Oxford about the year 1717. I quote from Dr. Bosworth's Preface to his edition of King Alfred's Anglo-Saxon Version of Orosius (p. xxxi.) his account

of the state of Anglo-Saxon studies at Oxford when William Elstob became a member of Queen's College in 1691:—

"Here he found a society of young men, full of literary zeal, devoting themselves to the study of Anglo-Saxon. . . . Edmund Gibson, afterwards Bishop of London, was one of the most energetic and successful of these students. His edition of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, with a Latin translation and notes, in 1692, was a marvellous work for a young man of twenty-three years of age, who had just taken the degree of B.A. A succession of the most valuable books in Anglo-Saxon were given to the world by men of this learned body."

Dr. Bosworth then goes on to mention the illustrious names of Thwaites, Rawlinson, Benson, Nicolson, and Smith—all Queen's College men—whose works were published between 1698 and 1722. Another contemporary of Elstob's was Wanley, of University College, whose Catalogue of MSS. is a work of the most laborious scholarship and research, which is still quite unrivalled. I need hardly dwell on the contrast between the "darkness" of poor Elstob and his friends, who had never heard of "double firsts," and the "light" of the present system. H. SWEET.

#### APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SATURDAY, May 27.—3 P.M. Royal Institution: "On King Arthur's Place in English Literature," by Prof. H. Morley.  
3 P.M. Physical: "On Selective Absorption," by William Ackroyd; "On an Atmospheric Phenomenon in Ceylon," by the Rev. R. Abney.  
3 P.M. New Philharmonic Concert, St. George's Hall (Rubinstein).  
3 P.M. Musical Artists' Society (Royal Academy).  
MONDAY, May 29.—3 P.M. Rubinstein's Last Recital, St. James's Hall.  
3 P.M. British Architects: "On the Applicability of Terra-Cotta to Modern Church Building," by E. Sharpe.  
3 P.M. Philharmonic Concert, St. James's Hall (Wieniawski).  
TUESDAY, May 30.—3 P.M. Royal Institution: "On Wheatstone's Discoveries," by Prof. W. G. Adams.  
3 P.M. Civil Engineers: Discussion on the Permanent Way of Railways.  
WEDNESDAY, May 31.—3 P.M. Society of Arts: "On the Development of Central Africa," by E. Hottelinson.  
THURSDAY, June 1.—3 P.M. Royal Institution: "On Voltaic Electricity," by Prof. Tyndall.  
3 P.M. Zoological (Davis Lecture): "On Bats," by Prof. Mivart.  
3 P.M. Chemical: "Floral Aestivation," by the Rev. G. Henslow; "Madagascar Ferns," by J. G. Baker; "Glandular Bodies in *Acacia* and *Cecropia*, serving as Food for Ants," by F. Darwin; "Structure of the Spoon-billed Sandpiper, *Eurymorphus*," by Dr. J. Anderson.  
3.30 P.M. Royal Antiquaries.  
3.30 P.M. Mr. J. B. Welch's Concert, St. George's Hall.  
9 P.M. Civil Engineers: The President's Conversation at the South Kensington Museum.  
FRIDAY, June 2.—3 P.M. Mr. Charles Halle's Fifth Beethoven Recital, St. James's Hall.  
4 P.M. Archaeological Institute.  
3 P.M. Geologists' Association.  
3 P.M. Philological: "Notes on English Rhythm," by the Rev. J. B. Mayor and A. J. Ellis.  
3 P.M. Royal Institution: "On Recent Discoveries about Vanadium," by Prof. Roscoe.

#### SCIENCE.

*Geology for Students and General Readers.*

Part I. *Physical Geology.* By A. H. Green, M.A., F.G.S. (London: Daldy, Isbister, & Co., 1876.)

If it is essential that the author of a scientific text-book should in the first place have practical acquaintance with the subject on which he writes, so that he may do something more than simply filch from the writings of those who have gone before him, and that he should, in the next place, have had experience in teaching, in order that he may know the needs of a student and how to supply them, then it must be acknowledged that Prof. Green is singularly fitted for the task which he has undertaken. Trained on the staff of our National Survey, his daily work lay for years among the rocks, and he thus acquired in marked degree the power of dealing with broad questions of Physical Geology; while as lecturer at the Chatham Military School, and lately as professor in the Yorkshire College of Science, he has had abundant opportunity of observing a student's wants, and how such wants may be best met by the teacher. Add to this Prof.

Green's powers of clear reasoning and easy expression, and it will be seen that he is marked out as the very man to write a geological treatise "for students and general readers." Yet it is as a students' text-book that we believe this work will become best known. And, indeed, the author has evidently felt this himself; for turning to the gilt lettering on the back we find no place for that otherwise ubiquitous individual, "the general reader," and the book looks down upon us from its shelf as simply a "Geology for Students."

As an advanced manual for the student, the work appears to be eminently satisfactory; though, as we have at present only the first part, the entire work will certainly be rather bulky.

After a chapter on the aim and scope of Geology, with a sketch of the rise and progress of the science, Prof. Green introduces the reader to the rudiments of Mineralogy as a necessary prelude to the study of Petrology, itself the forerunner of Geology proper. We are glad to see that in the chemical part of his Mineralogy, the author uses the modern system of notation and nomenclature. It seems downright waste of energy that a student should have to learn one set of names and symbols in the chemical laboratory, and another set in the mineralogical class-room; and the sooner the two systems are brought into harmony the better. The principles of modern chemistry are now so firmly grounded and so widely recognised that it is high time for mineralogical conservatism to give way, and we rejoice to find a physical geologist of this opinion. As it was not within the author's scope to give more than a scanty sketch of Mineralogy, it would be unfair to harshly criticise this portion of the work. Let it suffice to say that the facts are in general clearly and correctly stated, though the crystallographic portion is hardly up to the present day. For example, the crystallisation of Leucite is described as monometric, thus ignoring Vom Rath's acute observations, which led him to refer it to the dimetric system—though Prof. Green has a right to retort that Scacchi may have a word to say on the other side.

A sketch of Petrology follows in logical order the mineralogical portion of the work. Where the chief authority is Zirkel's *Petrographie*, the student will not have to fear much misguidance. We cannot help protesting, however, against the word "acidic," a word which the author is constantly using, and which always sets our teeth on edge. It is true that English petrologists are familiar with this ugly term, if only from Lawrence's translation of Cotta's Treatise, but the word seems utterly unnecessary, for if chemists find no inconvenience in giving an adjectival use to the ordinary term "acid," why should geologists?

Geology is a science with so many sides to it that few men are able to view it impartially all round. One student dwells more on this, another on that side; and most geological text-books are consequently badly balanced. We can detect the writer by the treatment of his subject, and determine at once whether his *forte* lies in Stratigraphical or in Physical Geology, in Mineralogy



or in Palaeontology. Prof. Green's strongest point is unquestionably Physical Geology, and we were therefore prepared for a very high standard of excellence in this part of the treatise. Nor are we disappointed. Every chapter of this part—and it forms a large proportion of the work—may be profitably consulted by all geologists, whatever their standing, and the finger might be laid on certain portions which it would be difficult to praise too warmly.

An excellent feature in this treatise is the frequent citation of authorities, so that the advanced student who cares to expand his reading is enabled to consult with ease the original references. Indeed, this acknowledgment of sources of information is sometimes carried to an unreasonable extent, and authorities are cited on well-known points which are the common property of all. Thus, after being told that "shales containing a sufficient quantity of iron pyrites are used for the manufacture of alum, and are called *alum shales*," we fail to see the necessity of referring for so commonplace a statement to Roscoe's *Elementary Lessons in Chemistry*.

It is the business of the reviewer to "try every man's work of what sort it is." In the case of a text-book the work is necessarily in large measure a mere compilation, and in most cases the compiler, drawing from varied sources, heaps together materials of very unequal value—"gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble." In Prof. Green's work, however, we are struck with the high and tolerably uniform quality of the materials, and with the skill with which they are built up. The gold and the silver glitter in every chapter, but as for the stubble, though we have sought it with diligence, we have failed to find it.

F. W. RUDLER.

*A Manual of Comparative Philology as applied to the Illustration of Greek and Latin Inflections.* By T. L. Papillon, M.A. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press, 1876.)

THE outside world seems likely to benefit almost as much as the undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge by the development of the system of intercollegiate lectures. We owe to this already, *inter alia*, the excellent works of Mr. Sayce, Mr. Peile, and Mr. Tozer; and Mr. Papillon's *Manual* has now to be added to the number. It will meet a widely-felt need, which, as the author justly says, cannot be met by the translation of the great works of Bopp, of Curtius, of Schleicher, or (we may venture to add) of Corssen. These will long be the indispensable text-books of the advanced student: but they are practically useless to the schoolboy or to the ordinary undergraduate, from whom some knowledge of the results of Comparative Philology is happily now expected. Mr. Papillon has therefore taken in hand a most useful task in providing for the beginner a clear and trustworthy handbook. The nature of his work of course excludes the possibility of original contributions to science. All that can be expected is that the best authorities should be used with diligence; that their conclusions should be stated with precision, and arranged with clearness; and that when, as is still too

often the case, opinions are divided, the rival theories should be fairly stated, and the evidence on either side weighed with judgment. A careful examination of Mr. Papillon's *Manual* will show that on all these points the author has attained a very fair measure of success. With regard to the authorities used, however, there is one unfortunate and inexplicable omission. Mr. Papillon quotes on almost every page what he rightly calls "an admirable treatise," Prof. Curtius's *Tempora und Modi*. But he surely cannot fail to be aware that the structure of the Greek verb has been much more recently discussed by Prof. Curtius, and his earlier views expanded and corrected by the results of the indefatigable and most productive studies of the thirty years which have passed since the appearance of the *Tempora und Modi*. It is the oddest of freaks to draw so largely from the brilliant *primitiæ* of the Berlin *privat-docent* of 1846—a work, moreover, which only a combination of unwearied vigilance and great good luck can enable a student to pick up at thrice its published price—and to ignore entirely the mature judgment of the illustrious Leipzig professor. It is true that Curtius's work is not yet complete, but there are good hopes that we may receive the concluding part in the autumn of the present year; and even the portion already published contains much which might have been turned to good account, especially in treating of the present-stem, and of personal inflections. To pass over minor instances, a reference to *Das Verbum*, p. 14, would have enabled Mr. Papillon to state much more clearly the force of the thematic vowel; pp. 202-205 would have modified his treatment of the 3rd sing. pres., and p. 67 of the 3rd plur.; and pp. 99-103 not less his discussion of *σθαι* on p. 170, and of *σθαι* on p. 212. It is, perhaps, worth noting that the explanation of *ἰδδαισεν*, given from Curtius on pp. 76-77, has been since withdrawn by him, as appears from the last part of the *Studien*; the discussion of the question in the "Principles" (pp. 645-6 of the fourth German edition) was kindly rewritten by him for the English translation, as it passed through the press. In the same way, it is hardly fair to Mr. Peile to refer throughout to the first edition of his Introduction, in the face of the large additions which were made to the second edition.

The want of consistency in transliteration which Mr. Papillon acknowledges in his preface is likely, we fear, to cause even greater inconvenience to the student than he anticipates. It is an open question whether *j* or *y* should be used to denote the Sanskrit palatal spirant (य): Mr. Peile prefers the latter, but considering the rapidly extending familiarity with the correct pronunciation of the Latin *j* (i), and the aid which is given by the adoption of this character to the immediate perception of etymological connexions, it may fairly be argued that the *j* is preferable. But in any case it is very confusing to use *j*, as Mr. Papillon does, sometimes for the *y*-sound, sometimes for *g'* (ज), the *j* of *judge*, which is phonetically wholly unconnected. The danger of this, even to a

scholar, appears from Mr. Papillon's table of kindred words on p. 18, where *gelu*, *cold*, *kalt*, are referred after Leo Meyer to a primitive root *jal*. This is, of course, impossible; the Sanskrit *jalam* (*g'alam*) which is made the base of the comparison, can only point to *gal*, which may have a very different meaning from that assigned to it (Cp. Curt. No. 123 and 637). The Greek *κῆλας*, which Mr. Papillon adds, is puzzling. Can it be a misprint for *κῆλας* or for *κῆλῖς*? But these go back to an entirely distinct stem, *kála* (Fick p. 42), and the letter-change, which he assumes, is impossible. In the same table the choice of the word *cat* is very unfortunate; it is evidently a borrowed word, found even in Semitic languages, though its origin is obscure; and, even if it were not, the neglect of Grimm's law makes it quite unsuitable to be presented as a typical word to beginners.

The value of a manual depends so much upon the exactness of its details that we may be excused for entering upon a few more criticisms of isolated points, without in any way disparaging the general accuracy of the work, which deserves hearty acknowledgment. Sanskrit is defined as "the ancient literary language of the Vedas, or sacred books of the Hindus, Prakrit being the provincial dialect of the mass of the community." Would a schoolboy imagine from this the extent of the non-Vaidic literature of Sanskrit, and would he not be misled as to the true position and date of Prakrit? Mr. Papillon is, indeed, far enough from the notion of a recent philological writer who quoted a form "from the Prakrits," a blunder perhaps not paralleled since Vizitelly drove Lord Macaulay almost out of his senses by making him quote "the Pandects of the Benares." Schleicher's genealogical table of the Indo-European languages ought not to have been adopted without a word of caution as to the position which he assigns to Keltic—to say the least, not one which is universally accepted. Ritschl's views as to the use of a final *d* in Plautus (p. 117) might well have been accompanied by a reference to Corssen's (ii., 1005) vigorous, and, many scholars would add, conclusive attack. On the other hand, it is surprising to find a line of Plautus quoted from the text of Weise in the case of a play, the *Pseudolus* (*sic*), which has been edited by Ritschl and Fleckeisen. The Sanskrit root *giv* (p. 212) should, of course, be *g'iv*: this may be one of the misprints, which are much more numerous than we expect to find in a book issuing from the Clarendon Press; sometimes there are two or three in a page. Mr. Papillon might well have been bold enough to recognise by the side of the two passive futures formed from the aorist-stems, and a third formed from the perfect-stem, the fourth formed from the verb-stem, that which is generally set down as the future middle. So long as the misleading distinction between the middle and the passive voice was kept up in all its rigidity, editors were content with noticing with astonishment and, as it were, under protest the instances in which the future imperfect was used in its legitimate passive sense (*e.g.*, Monk on Eur. Hipp., 1458): but there can be no reason

now for keeping up the misleading convention. Mr. Papillon properly notices that the so-called first future passive does not occur at all in Homer, and the second future only in a single instance (p. 207); he might well have added that the future imperfect is used whenever it is wanted—e.g. α, 123. The following sentence (p. 59) probably expresses exactly the opposite of what the author intended:—"Gutturals change to dentals and labials, not *vice versa*, except in such special phenomena as *Labialism* and *Dentalism*." The form *ἰνφο* (p. 70) can hardly be right. Whether we regard the rough breathing as a kind of compensation for the loss of breath involved in the assimilation of the spirant, or simply as a case of later Attic "cockneyism"—and names like Lencippus seem to confirm the latter view—the rough breathing and the digamma cannot have co-existed. The statement that *ut* is merely the phonetic equivalent of *ὤς* (p. 88) is more than doubtful: \* though *ut* has lost an initial consonant, this was certainly not the *j* which Curtius has demonstrated for *ὤς* (i. p. 494). We should like to have authority for assigning to the Sanskrit *ṛ* (ऋ) the force of *lri* (p. 30) or *lri* (p. 35), for identifying *tag* with *θρυ* (p. 185), for finding *ja* in *μνῖω* (p. 187), for regarding *aruspes* as a better form than *haruspes* (p. 78), for asserting that in *venio* by the side of *βαῖνω* and *voro* by the side of *βόρα* *v* is a weakening of *β* (p. 65), in preference to the view of almost all philologists, that the *v* first sprang up after, and then displaced a primitive *g*; for finding the reflexive pronoun *sva* in the suffix of the third person *ti* (p. 134), or for supposing that the "voice" which gives sonancy to the so-called *mediae* is heard "directly the contact is released" and not during the period of contact (p. 31), as Brücke, for instance, explicitly teaches, and as experience seems to confirm.

These instances will serve to show that Mr. Papillon's *Manual* will need some revision before it can be thoroughly trusted for the purpose for which it is intended. At the same time, the clearness of its general arrangement, the judgment shown in what is omitted as well as in what is given, and the fairness which marks the statement of rival theories, make it well fitted, on the whole, for the use of beginners in philology. Teachers will probably differ considerably as to the extent to which they may desire to dwell upon the laws of sound-change, before their pupils are led on to study inflections, and many would wish to illustrate these more fully than is possible from Mr. Papillon's single chapter. But the materials for doing so are supplied abundantly to the teacher by Schleicher and Curtius; the pupil need have nothing more than is given him in the present *Manual*. A. S. WILKINS.

BULLETIN No. 2, Vol. II., of the Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, under the direction of Prof. Hayden, has just appeared. It is entirely devoted to ornithology, and contains two articles of considerable length, with two plates; 1. Studies of the American Falconidae, and 2. Ornithology of Guadeloupe Island.

\* Mr. Papillon withdraws this statement on p. 230, but for a different, and less convincing, reason.

#### THE LOAN COLLECTION OF SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS.

(Second Notice.)

**Section XIV. Meteorology.**—This department cannot be said to exhibit as much novelty in the modifications of apparatus as some of the others. This arises mainly from the comparative simplicity of the observations to be taken, the result of which has been that the instruments required for direct observation were brought to a high state of efficiency several years ago, so that modern improvements in them have for the most part been confined to details of construction as distinguished from originality in principle. As regards self-recording apparatus, the main feature of modern meteorology, the English makers have hardly exhibited any of much merit, while of foreign productions of a high order in this department we have only van Rysselberghe's meteorograph, and von Oettingen's self-recording wind-components' integrator.

To commence with the sets of apparatus. The Meteorological Society exhibits the complete outfit of one of its stations. The Central Physical Observatory of St. Petersburg sends a set of its instruments for a similar station, and a greater contrast between the two equipments can hardly be imagined. The Russian thermometer-screen is composed of concentric cylinders of zinc, while the British one (Stevenson's) is a wooden louvered box. The Russian barometer is of syphon form, a pattern almost abandoned here, while the use of the hair hygrometer, a necessity imposed by the severity of the climate, and of the sign-board pressure plate, for wind, sufficiently stamps the individuality of the collection. Prof. Mohn, of Christiania, sends three of his thermometer-screens, to be placed outside windows, inasmuch as he finds it impracticable to employ free standing screens in Norway. He, too, uses Saussure's hygrometer. Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, and Pastorelli, respectively, exhibit sets of instruments, the former for a first-class observatory, the latter for schools. We have then the sets shown by the Meteorological Office, which embrace, firstly, the complete outfit for a merchant ship, and, secondly, the modifications in such outfit required for the supply of the royal navy. Lastly, in the same case, we have a number of supplementary instruments of various kinds supplied for land stations, or for special investigations. These latter will be noticed in their proper places.

Of self-recording instruments embracing in themselves all the elements which may be deemed to constitute an observatory we have Prof. van Rysselberghe's meteorograph, which registers not only pressure, temperature, humidity, wind, &c., but also the tide. It acts by electricity, and differs from most other apparatus of the same nature in that it engraves its indications on copper, so that the curves can be printed off at once. The meteorograph of the late Dr. Theorell, of Upsala, was expected, but has not yet arrived. It is in operation at Vienna, as well as in Sweden. This instrument furnishes its data in the form of printed numerical tables, corrected and ready for use in calculations. We shall now proceed to notice the individual classes of instruments; but in the present incomplete condition of the collection we fear that our notice will be far from possessing the thoroughness we should wish for it.

**Barometers.**—Of these we have a very large number by different makers. Of standards we have Fortin's, well represented by Adie and others, while Casella sends a large standard, to be read with a kathetometer. Few barometers are abundantly shown, and we have also the "gun" barometer, with its india-rubber packing for the preservation of the tube from fracture by the concussion caused by firing heavy guns. Of syphon barometers the Russian station instrument of this character has already been noticed, and several mountain barometers, made on the syphon principle, appear in the collection. Of special adapta-

tions of the barometer we may notice, without giving any opinion of their merits, Stevenson's iron barometer, Casella's small pocket barometer, Howson's long-range barometer, Hicks' new mountain barometer—a perfectly novel form, in which the cistern is entirely closed, and the action of the instrument is produced by the pressure of the atmosphere on the cistern walls. Capt. George shows his travelling barometer, which is intended to be filled at each observing station, so as to obviate the risk of damage during transport to a filled tube. Of old-fashioned instruments we have Saussure's own mountain barometer on De Luc's principle, and an instrument used by Sir John Richardson in his journey to the Mackenzie River in 1848. The antiquated diagonal barometer, intended to secure openness of the scale, is represented in more than one form. Prof. Bohn, of Aschaffenburg, exhibits his method of filling barometer-tubes with pure mercury, free from air, without boiling. Of barographs we have the mechanical, electrical, and photographic forms. To the former belong Kreil's and Milne's, which register the position of the float in a syphon barometer, as does also Redier's, though it is constructed on a different principle. The electrical form is that employed by van Rysselberghe; while the photographic principle is shown in its two modifications—Brooke's, now in use at Greenwich, and shown among the magnetographs, which employs a syphon barometer; and Ronalds', the original of the instruments used at the observatories of the Meteorological Office, which photographs the depth of the vacuum on the top of the mercurial column. Aneroids are, of course, exhibited in abundance, and they vary in size from a diameter of eighteen inches to the area of a shilling. This instrument is of course easily rendered self-recording, and the chief novelty in this direction is Dr. Paugger's adaptation of the automatic aneroid for use on shipboard. Mr. Field shows his engineering aneroid, by means of which he proposes to obtain readings self-corrected for temperature.

**Thermometers.**—In these instruments we have nothing to do with their history or general use, and shall only mention them from a meteorological point of view. There are numerous ordinary thermometers of various degrees of delicacy of indication. As for maximum instruments, we find the (alleged) original Phillips' instrument, and several on Negretti's principle. Six's pattern is also abundantly represented. Negretti shows his arrangement for rotating his thermometers by clock-work, so as to obtain indications at a fixed time. Mr. Cripps' thermograph, in which the motive power for guiding the pencil is produced by the rotation of a spiral tube around a horizontal axis, according as the column is affected by changes of temperature, is also exhibited. Of deep-sea thermometers we have the original, protected-bulb, Six's instrument, made by Negretti for Admiral Fitz Roy, and the modern Miller-Casella, now generally in use, which closely resembles its predecessor in principle. Negretti also shows his new deep-sea thermometer with the arrangement for upsetting it at any required depth, so as to register the corresponding reading. Of minimum thermometers Rutherford's principle is that most frequently represented, with various devices to increase its sensitiveness by augmenting the superficial area of the bulb.

For the measurement of solar radiation we have the black-bulb maximum *in vacuo*, with Negretti's mercurial gauge, as well as with Hicks' platinum wires, for testing the completeness of the vacuum. Prof. Sorel's actinometer is also represented. The Scottish Meteorological Society exhibits the integrator of the sun's heat, invented by Thos. Stevenson.

Of methods for determining the temperature of the earth, Prof. Ebermayer sends a set of von Lamont's wooden tubes for the reception of thermometers at different depths, and the Meteorological Office shows a brass tube with a lath,



which carries three thermometers at different depths, and is intended to be placed in the tube when plunged into the earth.

From thermometers we come naturally to *Hygrometers*, and of these we have practically only two types at present much in use, August's and Saussure's. The former need hardly be mentioned, as it only requires two thermometers; the latter has already been noticed as in use in high latitudes, and of it there are several examples, showing various methods of construction. Daniell's hygrometer also puts in an appearance, but we have not discovered Regnault's. Various other instruments constructed of whalebone, ivory, &c., will be found in the same case as Daniell's. Prof. Klinkerfues' instruments deserve special attention.

Of *Raingauges* we find various simple patterns, several of them with the deep cylindrical top to the funnel in order to collect snow. There are various automatic gauges, working by means of tilting buckets, and a gauge acting by clock-work and delivering its hourly amounts into twenty-four separate collecting glasses. Jagga's gauge is shown by the Scottish Society, as well as an arrangement devised by Mr. Stevenson for the purpose of preventing out- and in-splashing at a time of heavy showers. Black's ship rain-gauge has also found a place in the same case.

Rain leads naturally to evaporation, and of *Atmometers* we have a large collection differing widely in type. Ronalds' rain and vapour gauge is the earliest in point of date; it gives the difference between rain and evaporation. Of atmometers, pure and simple, we have von Lamont's, which measures by volume, and Osnaghi's, which records by weight. Morgenstern's is also present, but is in an imperfect state, having been damaged in transit. Arrangements for the determination of the amount of evaporation from soils are shown by Ebermayer, Prestel, and Skertchly.

*Anemometers*.—Of these we have several on Robinson's principle, made self-recording, mechanically by the method adopted at the observatories of the Meteorological Office, or electrically by Gordon and others. Whewell's anemometer is shown by Elliotts. The crowning achievement in this line is, indisputably, von Oettingen's "Self-recording Wind-components Integrator," which has only recently been completed for the observatory of Dorpat. This gives the mean components of motion in the four cardinal directions, N., E., S. and W. It acts by electricity, and the rotation of the cups affords the force which sets in motion a circular plate bearing four systems of sliding rollers which produce an electrical contact at each half-revolution. Of pressure anemometers, Wild's swinging plate has already been mentioned. Cator exhibits his own pressure-plate arrangement, while of instruments of minor importance we may notice Ballingall's and Howlett's.

Lastly, we notice some apparatus for special investigations, such as *Ozonometers*, of which two or three forms are exhibited, and Prof. Roscoe's automatic light-registering apparatus, which depends on the principle that the depth of colour produced on paper soaked in chloride of silver varies as the intensity of the light multiplied by the time of exposure. The instrument was described in the Royal Society's *Proceedings*, vol. xxii. p. 158. Captain Abney exhibits a smaller form of the instrument, which is more convenient for ordinary use than the larger apparatus. Prof. Luvini sends a perfectly novel apparatus, a Diatheroscope, intended to determine the variations in the refractive power of the air as produced by changes of pressure and temperature, by means of the relative displacement of two images of the same object seen through the apparatus; so that the observation to be taken is much like that obtained by Rochon's micrometer. The inventor anticipates that at an early date his instrument will form part of the outfit of every observatory, and be found most useful in forecasting weather, by its indication of changes in the

atmosphere going on at a distance from the observer.

In conclusion, we must speak of models, diagrams, and publications, a few of which are shown. To the first-named class belong two models illustrative of gradients by Mr. T. Stevenson. Dr. Prestel's storm-warner, a resuscitation of the old-fashioned cyclone-cards, falls under the category of diagrams; but of far higher interest than it are some diagrams of Mr. Buchan's, showing the relations between wind and barometrical pressure over the globe, and another series by Dr. A. Mitchell and Mr. Buchan exhibiting the connexion between temperature and the fatality of certain types of disease. Mr. Symons shows some diagrams relating to rainfall, and Messrs. Scott and Galloway contribute a large one showing the connexion between colliery-explosions and weather in 1869 and 1870. The Meteorological Office has sent some large weather-charts, and a series illustrative of Howard's Cloud nomenclature. The *Deutsche Seecarte*, of Hamburg, furnishes specimens of its weather-charts, and of its arrangements for posting up weather-intelligence at coast stations. Of actual publications we have volumes of the *Journals* of the Meteorological Society and the Scottish Meteorological Society. From the Mauritius we have the daily weather-charts for the Indian Ocean for 1861, and some volumes of the *Journal* of the Meteorological Society. Mr. Symons sends his *British Rainfall*.

Of course this list is capable of almost unlimited extension, and, in fact, were the present notice to be postponed for about a month, there can be no doubt that it would give a far better conception of the state of the exhibition considered as an epitome of the past history and present condition of meteorological instruments. R. H. SCOTT.

# MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY.—(Saturday, May 13.)

PROF. G. C. FOSTER, President, in the Chair. Mr. Thompson, B.A., B.Sc., concluded the communication on the Supposed New Force which he commenced at the last meeting of the Society. In the arrangement which he has adopted for obtaining the spark, the secondary current of a Ruhmkorff's coil is made to traverse a short coil of wire which is thoroughly insulated from the internal core, and into the circuit an arrangement is introduced by means of which the spark may be made to traverse a variable thickness of air in its course round the short coil. It is found that if this spark is very short the spark obtained from the internal core is also short, but as we increase the thickness of air to be traversed the spark which may be drawn off increases; the greatest effect, however, is produced when one terminal of the coil is connected with the earth, the spark then obtained being about half an inch in diameter. Mr. Edison considered that the spark was retro-active, but Mr. Thompson showed by an experiment that deficient insulation might lead to such a conclusion. He then proceeded to show that just as the charge given to a gold-leaf electroscope is at times positive and at times negative without any apparent reason for the change, so if the core of the arrangement employed be connected with a Thomson's galvanometer the needle will be found to wander irregularly about the scale on both sides of the zero. In order to show that these experiments are identical with those conducted as originally described by the discoverer, the terminals of the induction coil were connected with the coil of an electro-magnet, the same means of including a layer of air in the circuit being introduced. The effect in this case was found to be precisely similar to that obtained with the special arrangement previously used: with a brush discharge a Geissler's tube could be illuminated, and, when the layer of air was infinitesimal, the spark produced was also infinitesimal. It was then shown that, if the spark at the point of contact in the key when a direct battery current traverses the coil be done away with by shunting the extra current which gives rise to it, no spark can be obtained from the core. It thus appears that no spark is obtained when there is no necessity for an inducing current to accumulate until it has sufficient

tension to leap over a resisting medium, and that, as the thickness of this resisting medium increases, the spark obtained becomes greater. Evidently on these occasions the current has time to attract unlike and repel like electricity in the core, and if a conductor in connexion with the earth be presented to this core the like electricity will escape: hence a spark will result. As soon, however, as the tension has become sufficient to leap over the layer of air, it will be necessary to restore equilibrium in the core. Hence there will be a return spark in the opposite direction. From these experiments it will be seen that the phenomena observed may be explained by the ordinary laws of induction.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—(Tuesday, May 16.)

DR. A. GÜNTHER, F.R.S., in the Chair. Staff-Surgeon Comrie, R.N., exhibited a number of zoological specimens collected by him on the south-eastern coast of New Guinea during the surveying cruise of H.M.S. *Basilisk*; this collection was also remarked upon by Dr. Günther and Mr. Selater. Among the mammals the most interesting were a rare *Perameles*, *P. rufescens* of Peters, and an apparently undescribed Flying Phalanger, for which the name *P. Comriei* was proposed by Dr. Günther; while the birds included a very fine new Bird of Paradise, which was named *Manucodia Comriei* by Mr. Selater. The Chairman exhibited a small series of mammals from Borneo, including a rare monkey, *Macacus melanotis*, the home of which had hitherto been unknown, and a new species of Tree-Shrew, named *Japia minor*. He also read a letter from Commander Cookson, R.N., stating that he has secured a living pair of the now nearly extinct gigantic land-tortoise of the Galapagos Islands, and that they are now on their way to this country; the female weighs 117 lbs., the male 270 lbs. Prof. Duncan, F.R.S., read the second part of his memoir on "Madrepores obtained during the Dredging-Cruise of H.M.S. *Porcupine*," and also descriptions of several littoral and deep-sea corals from various parts of the world. Prof. Flower, F.R.S., read a paper on "Rhinceros," founded on the examination of more than fifty skulls, in which he pointed out several cranial and dental characters which had hitherto been overlooked; he regarded three Asiatic and two African species as being at present well established: the former being *Rhinceros unicornis*, *Rh. sondaicus*, and *Ceratorhinus sumatrensis*; the latter, *Atelodus bicornis* and *A. sinus*. Other communications were made by Drs. Burmeister and Von Haast and by the Secretary.

METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, May 17.)

H. S. EATON, Esq., M.A., President, in the Chair. The following papers were read:—"Remarks on the present condition of Maritime Meteorology," by Robert H. Scott, F.R.S. This paper gives a history of all that has been done in Maritime Meteorology since the Brussels Conference in 1853 up to the present time. "On the Mean Temperature of every day at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, from 1814 to 1873," by James Glaisher, F.R.S. This paper, which is a continuation of former ones on the same subject, contains the observations for the ten years 1864 to 1873, which being combined with the previous ones give the mean for sixty years. "On the Meteorology of Mozufferpore, Tirhoot, for 1875," by C. N. Pearson, F.M.S. "New Wind Chart," by Lieut. Col. G. E. Bulger, F.M.S.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—(Thursday, May 18.)

A PAPER by W. M. Wylie, Esq., was read, giving an account of a votive stone which is now built into the wall of the Church of St. Stefano at Pallanza, on the Lago Maggiore. The inscription is as follows:—*Matronis sacrum Pro salute C. Caesaris Augusti Germanici Narcissus C. Caesaris*. One side of the stone bears a sculptured group representing a sacrifice. Beside the altar stands a priest clothed in a toga, holding a patella and cistella, and he is accompanied by a minstrel playing on a double tibia, while an attendant holds the victim. On the other sides are five draped female figures dancing with clasped arms, with floral festoons above them. These, doubtless, represent the *Matronae*, goddesses who did not occupy a lofty seat in the Roman Pantheon, and, in fact, are not mentioned by any classical author, for they must not be confounded with the *Deae Matres*. It has been

suggested that in the more northern parts of the Roman empire they may have been dedications of female prophetesses, but further south the aspect they present is more festal, as shown in this monument. They were regarded as the patronesses of towns, villages, and persons, and in one inscription are coupled with *Genii*. In fact, they bear a closer analogy to the fays and fairies of northern mythology than to gods. Mr. Hutchinson exhibited drawings of British and Roman antiquities found at Newton Abbot, comprising a wooden figure, which once had moveable arms, a bronze spearhead, and a few celts.

#### CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—(Thursday, May 18.)

PROF. ABEL, F.R.S., President, in the Chair. The first paper read after the usual business of the Society had been transacted was "On the Action of Malt Extract on Starch," by Mr. C. O'Sullivan, showing that under these circumstances it is converted into a mixture of maltose and dextrin, the proportion of which varies with the temperature at which the reaction takes place. A communication was then made by Dr. H. E. Armstrong and Mr. Gaskell "On Metaxenol," the metadimethylated phenol. There were, also, papers "On the gases enclosed in Cannel Coals and in Jet," by Mr. J. W. Thomas; "On Phenomena accompanying the Electrolysis of Water with oxidisable Electrodes," by Dr. J. H. Gladstone and Mr. A. Tribe; and "On the Estimation of Hydrogen occluded by Copper, with special reference to organic Analysis," by Dr. J. L. W. Thudicum and Dr. H. W. Hake. The meeting was then adjourned until Thursday, June 1, for which several papers are announced.

#### NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.—(Thursday, May 18.)

JOHN EVANS, Esq., F.R.S., in the Chair. After a variety of interesting coins had been exhibited by Mr. Jones, the President, and others, Mr. P. Gardner read a paper on the date of King Mostis and of the later coins of Thasos. The writer examined the circumstances of Thrace and the neighbouring countries in the third century B.C., especially at the time of the Gaulish invasions, and tried to establish the date and circumstances of issue of several sets of Thracian coins, especially those of Maronea and Thasos. A paper was also read, written by Mr. Gill, on the tokens issued in Devonshire in the seventeenth century. Mr. Gill added largely to the number of these tokens already published by Boyne.

#### PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, May 19.) Anniversary Meeting.

THE REV. DR. RICHARD MORRIS, President, in the Chair. The thanks of the meeting were voted (1) to the Council of University College for granting the use of their rooms for the Society's meetings; (2) to the auditors of the treasurer's cash account for 1875. The Rev. Dr. R. Morris then delivered the President's fifth annual address, containing reports (1) by himself on the Society's work in 1875-6, and on the Survival of Early English Words in our Present Dialects; (2) by Dr. J. Muir and Prof. Eggeling on Sanskrit Literature; (3) by le Chevalier E. de Ujfalvy on the Ugro-Finnic Languages; (4) by Dr. Ad. Neubauer on Talmudical and Rabbinical Literature; (5) by Prof. Sayce on Etruscan; (6) by Mr. R. N. Cust on the Non-Aryan Languages of India; (7) by Dr. Hammond Trumbull on the North-American Indian Languages; (8) by M. Edouard Naville on the latest Egyptological works; (9) by Dr. Kölbing on the Breslau on the Teutonic Languages.—Votes of thanks were passed to the President for his address, and to the writers of the various Reports. The following members of the Society were then elected its officers for the ensuing year:—President: Henry Sweet, Esq.; Vice-Presidents: The Archbishop of Dublin, Edwin Guest, Esq., Whitley Stokes, Esq., Alexander J. Ellis, Esq.; the Rev. Richard Morris, James A. H. Murray, Esq.; Ordinary Members of Council: E. L. Brandreth, Esq., C. Cassal, Esq., C. B. Cayley, Esq., R. N. Cust, Esq., Sir John Davis, Bart., F. T. Elworthy, Esq., C. A. M. Fennell, Esq., E. R. Horton, Esq., Henry Jenner, Esq., Russell Martineau, Esq., the Rev. J. B. Mayor, W. R. Morfill, Esq., J. Muir, Esq., Henry Nicol, Esq., William Payne, Esq., J. Peile, Esq., Charles Rieu, Esq., the Rev. W. W. Skeat, W. Wagner, Esq., H. Wedgwood, Esq.; Treasurer: B. Dawson, Esq., 36 Hunter Street, London, W.C.;

Honorary Secretary: Frederick J. Furnivall, Esq., 3 St. George's Square, Primrose Hill, N.W. Dr. R. Morris then left the chair. It was taken by the new President, Mr. Henry Sweet (author of the *History of English Sounds*, &c.), who acknowledged the honour done him by his appointment, and spoke very warmly of the services rendered to English philology by Dr. Morris, not only through his many and long-continued original investigations, but also his popularisation of his results in his *Historical Accidence*, *Primer of English Grammar*, &c.

#### FINE ART.

##### THE SALON OF 1876.

##### (Third Notice.)

M. GÉRÔME'S work is of a quality so unvarying, and his talent is so equal in character, that we may always feel sure that anything he does will exactly fulfil what we expect of him. Neither of the two paintings which he contributes this year is very important. His *Women at the Bath* detach themselves on a background of pale-grey stone tints patterned with tiles of a predominant and rather cheerful blue; the black slave who waits also shows blue—dark and light—touched with a little yellow. The flesh has the unpleasant jappanned surface which is usual with M. Gérôme, but which tells successfully in the painting of the tortoiseshell and mother-o'-pearl inlay of the table in the foreground. *Santon à la porte d'une mosquée* is a portrait of boots and papooshes innumerable, left together with an old beggar at the open gate of a mosque, through which we see the figures of the faithful praying in the dimly-lighted interior. Three of M. Gérôme's pupils, Leon y Escosura, Jules Garnier, and Jean Raffaelli, make a certain mark. Each is distinguished by considerable talent, and each also by a slightly differing shade of vulgarity in manner and touch—not a healthy natural vulgarity, but a highly artificial product. In the works of all the colour is crude and irritating. M. Escosura succeeds best in repeating the un-naturally definite outlines and highly glazed surface affected by his master. M. Garnier, who is less in vogue than the highly successful Escosura, and whose colour is almost as trying as that of M. Raffaelli, gives perhaps promise of sounder work in the future than either of the others.

Besides the two paintings by M. Gérôme, we have many other bits of Eastern life. *Le Molah sortant de la mosquée*, by M. Chataud, has a good deal of vigour and freshness, but *Un ordre d'écrou*, by M. Pasini, is really remarkable for the beauty and richness of its quality in tone and colour. Sunk in a dark angle of thick walls banded round by a broad dado of tiles in deep tremulous blue, the prison gateway stands half-open ready to receive its doomed. The prisoners arrive before it helpless in the hands of their guards. Two stand out from the rest with gesture of authority, the others remain surrounding the group of prisoners to the right. Each little figure is a portrait, each movement helps to tell the common story. In another moment the half-open door will be shut, and through the little grating in the wall above the silent court will catch the echoes of retreating feet. The painting is "fat" and its solidity well sustains the richness of the general tone. M. Pasini's second picture, *Le Harem à la campagne*, is a brilliant bouquet of girls dressed in delicate rose-garden hues set in a background of flowers and palms and cypress under a bright, clear, eastern sky. One breaks from her companions, and gazes with undefined curiosity across the blue waters of the Bosphorus at the walls of a little city seen afar off on the opposite shore.

The works of M. Torrents represent also a quality of colour which is not common. The *Vierge au lis* has some very rich passages, but as a whole it is more or less pastiche. *Le portrait du vieux supérieur* is more independent work. The old superior himself is sunk, half-lying, half-sitting in a sort of chair-bed; he is dying, his

eyes are glazed, his swinish features drag heavily, his limbs lie torpid. Out of each line there is built up a type of the lowest order: gross sensuality, coarse, common, unimpassioned. Every group of seminarists one meets is made up for the most part of two classes of men—those who will develop into animals, evil beasts like "le vieux supérieur," and those who resemble the young monk whom M. Torrents has placed close at his side: creatures whose sensitive instincts recoil from contact with the every-day world; not sluggish, animated rather by a narrow fervour and energy incapable of supporting the strain of continuous action, but running into passionate bursts of momentary exaltation, yielding again to periods of self-torture and depression—unfit for life, but for the cloister's death most surely also unfit. The outward calm of this monk's attitude speaks of a resignation which nature resents; the very touch of his fingers on the yellow leaves of the book which he holds in his hands has something of the torpor of despair. The healthy life of the old painter, absorbed and content in his occupation, his senses fully engaged, his attention occupied, full of happy interest in his work, contrasts as strongly with the wholly bestial *assoupissement* of the old superior as with the strained and wasted life of his young attendant. Throughout, all is in keeping, quiet and still; the two white-robed figures tell against the black dress and dull red hood of the painter, the deep tawny coat of his dog, the rich browns of the background, the dark blue of the curtain, and the broken hues of the Turkey carpet which covers the floor. Every touch shows the same equal care, the same readiness, and freshness of accent, the same evidence of serious intention and study.

M. Munkacsy's *Intérieur d'atelier* is also noticeable for a pleasant frankness of method; a little black in the shadows, a little hard in tone, but perhaps less so than usual with his work, the handling is full of even more than the usual spirit, and both the painter who exhibits his picture, and the full-blown lady in blue who admires it, look life-like and excellent portraits.

The war of 1870 continues to furnish a large number of subjects. M. Detaille, whose "1870-71" achieved so just a reputation, contributes this year *En reconnaissance: un bataillon de chasseurs à pied, envoyé en reconnaissance, occupe un village où vient d'avoir lieu un engagement de cavalerie*. The chasseurs advance down the middle of the village street; to right and left are signs of the deadly engagement which took place just before their arrival. On the left some kindly cottagers succour a dying man; to the right lies a horse fallen with his rider, who holds a long pennon still grasped in his outstretched hand; further up another soldier, sorely wounded, sits propped against a lamp-post, and in the distance march forward other bands ready to support their comrades. Above the roofs of the houses on either side shows a pale-grey sky, and afar off are the distant outlines of trees. The impression of panic-stricken terror given by the close-shut aspect of the houses is heightened by the absence of crowding villagers about the movement of the marching troops. Besides the group who issue from the cottage door on the left to aid the man dying on the pathway only one figure stands prominently forward—a boy who points the way to the officers in command of the detachment; but the usual busy life has fled the chill and terrible streets. M. Detaille is a pupil of M. Meissonier, and he shows, together with an individuality not to be mistaken, much of the best results of his master's teaching. The general look of things is a little too neat and clean, but for power of faithful observation, for accurate seeing, for skilled and conscientious labour in rendering and characterising every type and movement, *En reconnaissance* claims a very high rank. It is one of the most able and artistic transcripts from actual life which the walls of the Salon can show. *Un régiment de hussards de marche dépasse les convois*



*pour se porter en avant*, by M. Dupray, is very spirited, full of life and movement. The value of every tint, in relation to the dazzling brightness of the snow fallen around, is sought with just appreciation. Against the brilliant white which glares from the ground the white coats of the well-groomed horses show yellow and soiled. *Un étape*, by M. Protais, takes us into a happier moment of military life. The troops march steadily down upon us through a broad expanse of open country along a far stretching road which, running from distant right to near left, intersects the fruitful fields on either side. The ploughshare rests in the furrow while the husbandman gazes on the marching men. Overhead the rosy ripening apples load the bending branches of the trees lining the edge of the dusty road, and far away the distance flies our sight, pursued line after line by the swift white clouds which move across the pale blue of the open sky.

Among the portraits looked for with interest were two by M. Baudry, and they are disappointing—that of *M. E. H.* decidedly less so than that of *Mdlle. D.*, which shows a distracting assemblage of painful blues. In both, the handling is vigorous and strong—too strong, indeed, for it is strength of a sort which seems to exclude delicacy; and in admiring the energy, the facility, the certainty of the relief, we regret the absence of those refinements which give distinction, individuality of character, and an air of life. This perfection of relief is wanting noticeably in M. Bastien-Lepage's portrait of M. Wallon, but this in every other respect is a masterly work. The subject is very simply and seriously treated; there is no attempt at pleasing the eye, as, for instance, in M. Baudry's *M. E. H.* by a ground of lively changing colour—red and tawny-yellow, shining bronze and polished oak. The ordinary black coat is unrelieved except by the white of the stiff-starched shirt, and the head sinks in the dull uniformity, in the heaviness of the tint employed in the background. But look at the head, at the precision, the purpose, the tenderness, the zeal with which every meaning line, every sign of life and character, has been caressed; every touch of the brush is drawing, painting not worked and worked till there is nothing left, but thought and thought till everything is there. The hands are as intelligently and admirably drawn and painted as the head, and equally full of significant expression. In tremendous contrast to the patient, faithful, loving intelligence of M. Bastien-Lepage's work stand the portraits of M. Ribot. They are as full of truth and life, but it is truth and life of a very different order. They are in every way peculiar, but this peculiarity is not the result of caprice or wilful affectation of singularity; it is the manner of a man who is a master in his degree, the necessary outcome of the special habit of seeing and thinking proper to a given temperament. The particular type which he affects, and which he renders in a manner calculated to give it its full intention, is a type of which we at once acknowledge that we have seen it a hundred times. Each one of the double range of heads which he calls *Portraits* we recognise as seen and known. The broad flat forehead, the energetic square jaw, and intelligent eyes, common in more or less degree to all, are full of practical sense, of immense unreflective self-confidence, of convictions hardly won and rigidly held. It is impossible to ignore the force and power, the reality, with which these typical members of a great family are invested. The portrait of the celebrated singer, M. Gueymard-Lauters, astonishes with the same air of natural truth. The inspecting pale-blue eyes, the thin serious lips of M. Bastien-Lepage's head of M. Wallon dwell insinuatingly in our recollection, but M. Ribot's portraits impose themselves by a vitality which seems the very concentration of life. The extreme simplicity of the means employed makes his work as instructive as it is conspicuously peculiar. Take the portrait of M. Gueymard-Lauters—a black gown, a bit

of blonde, a rose or two, an emerald gleaming from a bracelet, that is all, but it is a sufficient setting for the opulent life which tells out from the midst. M. Clairin, in his portrait of Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt, has exhausted, à la Regnault, all the resources of the chromatic scale, and to what effect? Our first impression is of a highly coloured display of fireworks revolving in many shades of blue, of red, of green, of purple, and orange, revolving about a twist of white muslin accidentally tumbled on a sofa. By degrees we discover that this object has a head and hands, that it is Mdlle. Bernhardt dressed in the white satin gown in which she plays *L'Etrangère*. Clever as M. Clairin's work is, even Mdlle. Abbema's hideously crude portrait of the same actress in profile *appliquée* on a green curtain and a pot of iris has a more real impression.

Among the known and noted portraits M. Constant's *Emmanuel Arago* must not be overlooked. It is an excellent likeness, giving much of the *finesse* as well as of the quaint individual character of the head. The pale tones of the flesh are thrown up on a dull blue ground, patterned on one side in paler blue and green, the blue is again repeated in the lining of M. Arago's black coat, and relieved by the tawny stone-colour of the stuff which covers the chair in which he sits. M. Harlamoff's half-length of M. I. Tourgueneff has character and energy, but it is rather coarse work. He succeeds in giving the general likeness, the genial and intelligent aspect of M. Tourgueneff, but misses the refinement, the sentiment of his usual expression. Another novelist, M. Daudet, the author of the recently popular *Jack*, has, it is said, reason to complain of scant justice. His friends, while acknowledging the excellence of M. Feyen Perrin's portrait of him, add that he is "plus joli garçon que ça." Considered by the outer world, to whom M. Daudet's features are less familiar, and who are therefore less critical as to likeness, the portrait seems altogether successful—distinguished in style, life-like, natural and simple in treatment, forcible and yet harmonious in general effect. M. Carolus Duran's half-length of M. Emile de Girardin is admirable; it is a most masterly piece of characterisation, and ranks far higher in point of mere painting than his large full-length portrait of Madame la Marquise A. (Antiforti). M. de la Marquise, dressed elaborately in white silk, satin, and fringes, her blond hair in rolls innumerable, descends the blue-carpeted stairs of her house, laying one hand on the balustrade, against which she shews the leaves of a large tree-palm. The figure has no dignity, the wide-open stare of the eyes no expression, the left hand, which has an awkwardly small wrist, does not rest on the bannister which it is intended to touch, and the effect of the whole is rather black and hard, in spite of the skilled painting and wonderful quality and texture which M. Duran has managed to get in parts. A portrait of two little boys which hangs in the same room is noticeable for a rare grace and quiet charm. They are the children of M. Paul Dubois the sculptor, and the portrait is painted by their father, who also sends one of his wife, which is far less pleasing and successful. Further on we come to *Les pivoines*, by M. Duez; a noteworthy, but incomplete picture. The great pink peonies are painted with success and great brilliance, but the head of the fair young woman who is holding back the branches of the great flowering shrub is effaced by the side of its flowers; her tulle scarf, her velvet gown, her very gardening gloves catch the eye before it can reach her face. Another portrait by M. Duez, *M. A. B.*, is less agreeable and spirited, but more perfectly accomplished. M. Lefebvre sends one of the most masterly portraits of men which the Salon can show, *Portrait de M. Léonce Reynaud, directeur-général des phares*—a work which is thoroughly satisfactory as a piece of direct and powerful portraiture. *Portrait de la grand-mère*, by Emile Renard, is in

its way really noticeable. From a dark-brown background the aged head, bound round by a faint-yellow foulard, looks out quietly. *La grand-mère* is dressed in black with a white handkerchief, and in her withered hands she holds a dull orange-coloured box, from which she takes her pinch of snuff. The hands, though thoroughly well drawn, are rather too blue in colour; the head is much finer, full of evidence of fine observation. The thinness of the eyelids and their droop has a remarkable truth. A little head, by M. Gaillard the engraver, *Portrait de Mdlle. A.*, very thinly painted, but not slight, is worth attention; and M. Wauters sends the portrait of a lad, *M. C. Somzé*, which has more than common charm and refinement of manner.

M. Nittis sends two pictures—*Sur la route de Castellamare*, a mid-day effect of light on long dusty road and flat open country which he has painted before, and which he now paints again with the same wonderful dexterity and truth. His second painting is a brilliant portrait of the *Place des Pyramides* on a wet day. It is just after the rain, and the streets are glistening from the shower; the movement of the groups hurrying across the road, the passage of the omnibuses and cabs, the splash of the mud, and unfortunate Joan of Arc riding triumphant in the distance, all are there transferred to the canvas with delightful skill. The many who now follow in M. Nittis' steps rarely succeed in giving to their work that truth of atmospheric effect for which he is so remarkable. M. Loir is a noteworthy exception; his *Kiosque de la place de la Bourse—effet de neige*, is full of air. The gradations of tone throughout are delicately fine, yet the general effect is admirably broad and simple. It possesses just those harmonious qualities in which M. Girard's astonishingly clever *Quai aux Fleurs*, for instance, is deficient.

M. Fantin's flowers keep their place even in the crowd, but *Les huîtres* and *Les pavots*, by M. Rousseau, are certainly the finest pieces of still-life painting in the Salon. The bunch of chrysanthemums in the delft jar on the table in *Les huîtres* showing every shade of colour, passing from white to various violet, from rose to deep red-brown; the oysters lying wet in their freshly-opened shells, are marvels of true realism, and the excellent arrangement of the whole, the perfect harmony of tone and rich yet quiet colour, make this picture in its way a masterpiece.

E. F. S. PATTISON.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

##### (Third Notice.)

*Domestic Pictures*.—The critic who approaches this section of the Academy Exhibition, leading on to the Portraits and the Landscapes, is conscious of an enormous number of works to be dealt with, and of very insufficient means for dealing with them all. We find down in our notes forty-six domestic painters, forty-one portrait-painters, and forty-five landscapists, and of course, in each division, a proportionately larger number of pictures. Two of the very foremost domestic paintings of the year—in fact, two of the leading works in the gallery—are those of Mr. Fildes (*The Widower*) and Mr. R. W. Macbeth (*A Lincolnshire Gang*); soon after these would come Mr. Herkomer (*At Death's Door*) and Mr. Boughton (*A Surrey Pastoral*); also, Mr. Stone (*Rejected*), Mr. Leslie (*My Duty towards my Neighbour*), and Mr. H. Williams (*The Ancestor on the Tapestry*). Of all these we had said something before the exhibition opened, and, in the plethora of matter, we shall not further discuss them, but shall pass on to four other principal contributors—Messrs. Small, Barnard, Millais, and Prinsep.

*The Wreck*, by Mr. Small, is a great example of energy in conception and execution—a forceful ensemble, made up of force in the several incidents and personages; the old woman who clasps her

hands athwart her left shoulder, as she contemplates the fearful plunge of the surf over the dyke, and other remoter ravages, while a boy huddles within the shelter of her apron, being perhaps the best of all. More prominent than these are the aged pilot with a medal on his breast, token of previous daring and self-devotion, and the young woman who, with shuddering insensibility, points at the latest shows of danger and disaster; the surf-drenched terrier is also very tellingly introduced. The scene may perhaps be on the storm-beaten Northumbrian coast. With this important work Mr. Small largely confirms the promise of many previous pictures, in themselves of minor account, but all testifying to the same uncommon sort of forthright strength. *Saturday Night*, by Mr. Barnard, is one of the most remarkable illustrations of London low-life that could be cited from any period of our art. It is certainly not a slightly picture—full of grime and flare, and of human uncouthness; but this is in the nature of the subject: the redness of the lighting is pushed to an extreme, and a disagreeable extreme. The central incident is that of a sailor with a grey parrot on the top of a cab, receiving a bottle of spirits; other incidents of the drinking-plague are a sot reeling into a gin-shop, and his squalid wife clutching at him, while a girl with an unfilled beer-jug glowers at the squabble. Two street-urchins gloat over the *Police News* as they shuffle along; a butcher plies his trade; a chapman noises abroad his pottery; a harpist and a fiddler fill up with indifferent music the pauses of all the other clatter. These are but a few out of many well-varied aspects of the gaseous pandemonium of Whitechapel as portrayed for us only too truly by Mr. Barnard. *Getting Better*, by Mr. Millais, represents an invalided girl of six, sitting up in her bed, and receiving from a rather older girl a refreshing gift of grapes; a little boy in sailor-costume accompanies the donor. His face is of an unattractive type, "knocked off" rather than rightly painted; indeed, the whole picture, masterly though it is in handling, and true in unforced expression, is a rough-and-ready affair, not exactly approvable from the hand of a painter of Millais's rank. An unflattering reminiscence of the style of art of which Mr. Hurlstone used to be a prominent exponent haunts us as we look at this work. Mr. Prinsep, in his *Linen-gatherers*, takes us off to lofty, airy, grassy downs, with a company of blooming young women carrying their laundry-goods; large figures, healthfully comely, and even stately in their bearing. The handling is simple, free, yet too uniformly smooth and slab in texture—a fault which increases upon Mr. Prinsep, and thwarts his fine native gift for colour. This spacious picture would form a very agreeable decoration for a hall or staircase of lordly proportions.

One of the important subjects is that selected by Mrs. Ward—*Newgate*, 1818: *Mrs. Fry conducts her young friend, Mary Sanderson, for the first time to visit the female prisoners*. We cannot call it a good picture, but it is certainly an intelligently told story, and a pointed sermon. Another lady, Miss Havers, shows to much advantage in three paintings—"They homeward wend their weary way," "Under the blossom that hangs on the bough," and "Goosey goosey gander." The first and third are effects of twilight; the latter being more especially warm and glowing, and extremely true in its perspective recession, with a tortuous rivulet running up the centre of the composition. All here is realised with graceful expressiveness: the colour also is true in tone, but not quite pure and aerial enough in its tint of red. *The Rivals*, by Mr. Perugini, is an excellent piece of expression—two Norman girls passing one another in a cornfield: one, the large blonde, unsuccessful in her love-affair, with a look of open provocation masking real dejection; the other, a slimmer brunette, shyly submissive, with her half smile that means triumph and harmlessness in one. The drawing and ex-

cution are highly efficient; the failing element being the colour, which is unpleasantly chilly and unemphatic, though not precisely wanting in brightness of hue. The same praise and the same blame belong to *Choosing a Nosegay*, by this artist—the nicety of drawing in the lush foliage being truly noticeable. In *The Nest*, by Mr. Calderon, the little girl whose back we see, with her thick-clustering golden hair, is a very pretty figure, and hardly the less indicative of eager delighted observation for the turning-away of her visage. Mr. Hook's *Crabbers* ranks high among his very best successes in that line of coast and marine painting, with hearty human life in daily work or intervals of pastime, which he has made all his own these many years. There are three other examples here of his special gift; but we need not pause over productions so characteristic of an artist whom we all know and enjoy, and whose work, in its main constituents, one could almost describe even without seeing the canvases themselves. Mr. Yeames has a curious theme in *The Last Bit of Scandal*; two sedan-chairs set down and opened for their occupants—an oldish beau and a maturely youthful belle—to emerge, and interchange the stimulating morsel, venomous to some valued acquaintance's reputation; an ingenious choice of subject, but it must be said an ugly one, for the sedan-chairs, occupying the central front of the picture, cannot be made other than ungainly. *The Life of the Old Manor-house*, by Mr. F. Wyburd, is an agreeable picture, with a considerable share of beauty, of a boy lolling on a sofa with a puppy, and two sisters, in the costume of Charles the First's days. In *The Knitter*, by Mr. G. D. Chalmers, we have a masterly little study of an old woman, in a style which might be regarded as merging that of Israels with the later manner of Wilkie. *En Fête, Normandy*, is one of those scenes of French peasant-life which Mr. Hennessy peculiarly affects. It has much variety and opulence of detail, with brilliant, though in the total effect rather chilly, luxuriance of spring blossoming: the young woman disengaging her skirt from a bramble-branch is one of the most telling and pleasant figures. Mr. Calthrop sends two pictures of very superior quality. *The Honeymoon* represents a young couple in an old-fashioned hostelry glancing with surreptitious but broadly conscious pleasure over the newspaper which has a special item for their eyes in the column "Marriages." *Sons of Toil* is a wooded landscape with sturdy figures of workmen on their homeward path—a piece of finished truth of the literal order, unembellished but in no wise ignoble.

We should also mention among the domestic pictures—G. B. O'Neill, *Spellbound*, a girl reading to a younger girl and boy; J. D. Watson, *Across the Common*; L. Smythe, *Picking Mussels*; Eugene Benson, *Religious Worship in the North of Italy*, *Cadore*, very true and good; Clausen, *High Mass at a Fishing Village on the Zuyder Zee*, like the preceding in merit, and in subject too, with all the difference that pertains to national *couleur locale*; T. Graham, *A Market Stall*, and *The Last Halt*; Webster (the highly popular veteran now retiring from active professional life), *Waiting for the Bone*, and two other specimens; Barclay, *A Dance, Capri*, a youthful goatherd with his kids; W. J. Anderson, *L'Angelo, ready for the Procession*, an Italian mother and child; P. Macquoid, *Not for You*, a lady and dogs; F. Morgan, *The Hay-makers*, and *Whither?*—a mother with her children, dispossessed from one home, and seeking another; Miss B. Jenkins, *Playmates Asleep*; Helmick, *The Broken Doll*; W. D. Sadler, *A Village Inn in the Tyrol*; Naish, *The Night's Catch*, on Board a Trawler in Barnstaple Bay; Ormsby, *Seaside Enjoyment*, with a formidable display of umbrellas; A. Burchett, *Instruction*; A. Dixon, *Miles From Home*. The last-named painting represents a little boy who has strayed, and who is now perched on a bench in a police-office; and we see it stated that such an incident

actually occurred with a child of the painter. This seems to have been a singularly opportune coincidence in the family-circle of the gentleman who displayed last year a very popular picture of nearly similar subject-matter, named *To be Left till Called for*; enabling him as it does to paint the same sort of thing over again, without threadbare self-repetition, and to the satisfaction (at us hope) of some commissioning picture-dealer.

*Portraits*.—With these we must deal in very summary terms. There can have been few years in which the substantial interest of the Exhibition was more independent of its portraiture; at the same time, we regard the general average of merit in the latter as hardly below its ordinary mark. On the present occasion, we scarcely think that either Mr. Millais (consummate executant as he is, or can be when he likes), or Mr. Watts (elevated in aim and art), can rightly be placed first on the roll. We would rather assign the primacy to Mr. Leighton, with his heroically truthful reading of the countenance of *Captain Richard Burton, Consul at Trieste*, of which we have spoken before; and, after him, to Mr. Downing, an artist whose name is new to us. Mr. Scholderer and Mr. Poynter are also in the front rank. Mr. Downing's portrait of *C. Dennis O'Rourke, Esq.*, is an excellent performance—manly, decisive, well-drawn, and very simple. The sitter is presented with his riding-whip under his arm, and one of his gloves on; a vigorous man, accustomed to command, with a certain look of challenge or of peremptory enquiry on his full-blooded face; assuming the likeness to be correct, there is really nothing wanting to this thorough half-length of an Irish gentleman. Mr. Scholderer exhibits a male and a female portrait. The former (516) represents a gentleman of about thirty-five years of age, carefully dressed, and of a calculating habit of mind; the fingers of his right hand in the pocket of his white waistcoat, a limp hat in the left. This is exceedingly true, and, without aiming at any special amount of finish, complete as well. The other portrait is *Miss Chermide*, on a green sofa, holding a rabbit—a very able work, but injured by the rather leaden pallor of the flesh-tint. Mr. Poynter's sitter is *Cecil Wedgwood*, a boy of eleven, with a look of spirit and of some power, a steadfast courageous air animating delicate features: one might surmise the expression to be a little overcharged, but, even allowing for this possibility, the work is a fine one.

We will divide the remaining portraits into three broad classes—1, those in which artistic power is more particularly apparent; 2, those which are distinguished by *delicacy* of perception, or of art; and, 3, the works of general rather than special ability and efficiency. To these we shall add a few pictures of a portrait-like character that are not directly put forward as portraits.

In the first class we number—Millais, *Forbidden Fruit*, the same little girl (we conceive) whom the master had already painted under the title *Still for a Moment*; *Lord Lytton*; *Mrs. Sebastian Schlesinger*, and *The Duchess of Westminster*, two portraits that tend to stamp Mr. Millais as the plutocrat's portrait-painter, expected to represent wealth and its evidences, and duly representing these, and, along with them, as much of birth and breeding as happens to come in. Unless, *Sir R. P. Amphlett, Baron of Exchequer*, on the whole the best specimen here of this artist, neighboured closely by *The Bishop of London*, *The Right Hon. E. P. Bouverie*, and *Admiral Milne*, while *The late Earl Stanhope* is decidedly poor. Orchardson, *Portrait* (107) of a girl with corn-yellow hair and very dark-brown eyes. J. H. Walker, *The late Lord Lyttelton*, with good full flesh-tint, and a certain general analogy to Millais's mode, not, however, at all pushed to extremes; we should have expected to find more of an aristocratic air in the face. W. C. Symons, *Mrs. Westlake*, a widow-lady of advanced age in a bonnet. Prinsep, *Lord*



Lawrence (for Government House, Calcutta), realising with great ability the idea of a statesman whose mind is burdened with work, but not overloaded with it, as the power of clearing it off rises equal to the need.

In the second class:—Fantin, *Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Edwards*; Watts, the *Bishop of Winchester*, an excellent portrait, the only one entitled to that epithet that Mr. Watts exhibits this year; H. Cameron, *Day-Dream* and *Mrs. Cottier*; W. B. Richmond, *Miss Charlotte H. Richmond*, a fine study of a little girl in well-combined shades of rather neutral but not colourless brown; J. F. Robertson, *Miss Ellen Terry*, living, spirited, and graceful; Miss M. Stuart Wortley, *Hon. Mrs. J. Stuart Wortley*; Gordigiani, *Baroness Florence de Bretton*; A. Hill, *Eva, daughter of G. P. Biader, Esq., Q.C.*, with a background of laurel-leaves.

In the third class:—Archer, *Mrs. Antrobus*; Dickinson, *Rev. Dr. Cookson, Lord Cairns, Prof. Lushington*—the last more specially noticeable; Wells, *Dr. Lionel Beale*; J. E. Williams, *W. L. Newcombe, Esq.*; Sant, *Lady Marjoribanks, of Ladykirk*; F. G. Cotman, *Rev. J. Eyre Yonge*; J. Charles, *R. Charles, Esq.*; Schäfer, *A Portrait* (535); Herdman, *Thomas Carlyle*, the deep red of the cheeks and blue of the eyes emphasised, and a certain general air of duty earnestly fulfilled throughout a long career, without the sense of a winning cause at the end; Miss L. Starr, *Mrs. H. S. King*, an invalid lady engaged in painting.

Also—E. Bach, *Simplicity*, a brunette of some thirteen years of age, with chrysanthemums. Miss M. Brooks, *Miss Mischief*. Cope, *Selecting Pictures for the Royal Academy Exhibition*, a large painting, and partly an interesting one; not certainly a marked success, but assailed in some quarters with an amount of asperity which we think beyond its demerits. The portraits of Grant and Calderon are about the best; that of Millais, more prominent than adequate. W. Wise, *Childhood*, with a background of pale azaleas. Hindley, "*Certes he was a most engaging wight*;" a remarkable half-figure of a Spaniard, in the costume of Velasquez's time, and with something of the method of that master in point of inconspicuous yet rich colour, decision of hand, spontaneity of expression, and so on: the character indicated is that of a man of adventure and experience, who enjoys his life, and knows how to be on the level of whatever company he comes into. J. Morgan, *Lilian. Pettie, Portrait in costume of the Seventeenth Century*.

**Landscapes.**—In this department three works stand out before all others, the authors being Messrs. Millais, J. Macbeth, and W. B. Richmond. Of Mr. Millais's very admirable picture, "*Over the hills and far away*," we have already spoken: it is probably the finest of all his landscapes. Mr. Macbeth's *Gareloch on the Clyde* is, we think, fully equal to it in most respects, and, as an example of genuine colourist faculty, even superior. Its grand tone, sombre and rich at the same time, with dark-blue hills, and dense but various and never opaque greens of grass, make this a work to be studied as a standard by artists, and deeply and permanently enjoyed by all people. Mr. Richmond is singularly intense in his picture, *Near Via Reggia where Shelley's body was found*; a gaunt and desolate scene, loaded with solid bulks of cloud, and oppressed with red and thundrous light, more gloomy than gloom. A half-naked man, bronzed almost to blackness, is advancing upward from the sea-beach, carrying a burden of fagots; intended probably to lead the mind on to the idea of Shelley's funeral-pyre, without, however, strictly representing anything belonging to those events which invest the coast of Via Reggia with so tragic and so sublime an interest.

The principal marine painting is *A Lifeboat*, by Mr. Henry Moore; a scene of terrible turmoil, painted with all that fullness of knowledge and direct sufficiency of power which characterise this artist. A huge surf breaks over the bows of the lifeboat; the vessel which she launches out to rescue is beyond our ken; no tint of a higher note

than grey is to be discerned in sea or sky. *A Port on the Zuyder Zee* is one of the best and completest works ever produced by Mr. Cooke; strong in its shifting atmospheric conditions and blustering wind, very striking in its perspective and motion, bold if also cold in art. *A Zuyder Zee Fishing-haven* is only less good than this; and two Egyptian subjects—*The Ruins of Komombo* and *Philae at Early Morn*—are observable performances in their very diverse mode. *Moonlight on the North Sea*, by Wüist, is a large work, fine and simple in its genuine realisation. Mr. Brett's elaborate picture of sea-beach and wide rock-panorama, dinted and channelled in the piercing sunlight of noon—*Sir Thomas's Tower*—is an uncommon achievement of knowledge and skill, yet hardly ranking perhaps with his best successes. We prefer on the whole *A certain Trout-Stream*, also a sunny picture, resolutely made out in all its features of running water and lichened boulders—of autumnal trees, green, yellow, and reddening—of surface and reflection. The sky with its white cumulus-clouds does not satisfy us so well as the rest of the picture—which is moreover rather killing in its keenness of hue, and in scale bigger than the subject may be thought fully to justify. A size much larger still is only proportionate to the striking theme which Mr. A. MacCallum has chosen—*The Eve of Liberty, Bombardment of the Acropolis, Athens, by the Turks: an Episode in the Greek Struggle for Freedom*. This is a memorable tableau of streaming moonshine and blazing baleful firelight, of smoke and sheen; with much moreover of picturesque skill in the grouping and diffusion of the numerous figures. *He Never Came*, by Mr. E. H. Fahey, is substantially a landscape, though the title seems to suggest a story of some gravity embodied in the single figure. This is a young woman, waiting no doubt for her lover; but whether we should understand that the lover has purposely deserted her, or has unexpectedly expired, or what else, may be matter of conjecture. There is something ominous-looking in the broad glassy sheet of water, with its breaks of mantling duckweed; in the louring whiteish atmosphere, and the sunken hues of the vegetation—discoloured out of verdure into olive greys and browns. Taken altogether the picture is a more than common hit, and gives Mr. Fahey a position much in advance of that which he had hitherto occupied. Mr. A. W. May sends two pictures, also of unusual mark: *The Nearest Way*, and *The Meuse in Summer*. The former makes good artistic capital out of a rainy English spring, with a greenish sky, a villager and his daughter, a grazing horse, and numerous geese by the riverside: the latter picture has graceful buoyancy in its range of thin-clad trees, which seem (spite of the title) to indicate that the summer is barely beginning as yet. *Gordale Scar, Yorkshire*, ranks among the most interesting pictures that Mr. Inchbold has exhibited of late years; austere seclusion with a veil of azure beauty of colour woven over it by the slowly-deepening twilight. *Eton from Windsor* is also a noticeable specimen of the painter: at the height at which it is placed we are unable to inspect it, but the like predominant tinge of blue, with undercurrents of green and grey, strikes the eye here, and would appear to be somewhat in excess. Another canvas hung out of sight, that we regret being prevented from examining, comes from Mr. J. Valentine Davis, *Across the Moor*; which seems, indeed, to be a work of superior insight and style, fully worthy of the promise Mr. Davis gave last year, and of his paternal inheritance of name and fame in landscape-painting. Mr. Wallis's *Oasis in the Desert: Fountain Court, the Temple*, is an extremely enjoyable picture; faithful, fresh with sun and shadow, bright with its verdurous leafage, and mellow with its old-time brick and stone, and daintily peopled with appropriate figures.

The following should also be noticed. Oakes, *Fording a Tidal Creek*, and *Sheltered*; Pickering, *Confiscated*, a deserted mansion, and *The Month*

*of March*; Linnell, *The Hollow Tree*; William Linnell, *The Gipsies' Pot*, and "*When Hesperus calls to fold the flocks of men*," a large landscape of elevated, or one might almost say of epical, character; Sickert, *Morthoe, Coast of North Devon*; Wilkinson, "*Under the opening eyelids of the Morn*;" L. Thomson, *On the Tweed, Evening*; C. N. Hemy, *The Mill in the Floods*, and *Red Autumn*; G. Costa, *Winter Sunset, near Porto d'Anzio*; H. Martin, *The Village Sailmaker*, the figure subordinate to the house, with its vista of sea; Poingdestre, *Lowering Marble from the Quarry, Carrara*; Aumonier, *Water-lilies*; Albert Goodwin, *A Devonshire Fishing-Village*; M. Fisher, *A Scotch Hillside*; J. T. White, *Capri, from the Valley of the Pines, Massa—Morning Effect*; Smart, *The Clear Shining after Rain*; T. Lloyd, *Misty Morning*; Meyer, *A Moonlight Night on the Meuse, near Dinant*; A. Montalba, *Castel Gandolfo*; A. H. Moore, *Falling Water*; E. A. Pettitt, *The Zmütt Glacier*; Colin Hunter, *Kelp-burning*; Miss F. Duncan, *Ploughing*; Birket Foster, *A Peep at the Hounds*.

W. M. ROSSETTI.

#### ART SALES.

On the 17th Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods had an important sale of Chelsea and Sèvres porcelain, which realised fair prices, though not what it would have attained some years back, before forgeries were so rife that a mark became no longer a guarantee for the authenticity of the piece. A large Worcester jug, blue scale ground, with medallion of exotic birds and insects, 90*l.*; Worcester coffee cup and saucer, blue scale ground, with Chinese figures, birds and insects, 66*l.*; a pair of Chelsea plates, with exotic birds and flowers, and butterflies in gold on deep blue ground on the border, 20*l.* 10*s.*; another pair, 28*l.* 10*s.*; a pair of dishes, 40*l.* 10*s.*; out of an old Chelsea dessert-service, with deep blue borders and festoons in gold, the centres painted with vases and flowers, six plates sold for 19*l.* 10*s.*; six others, 18*l.*; and a third lot for 15*l.*; an old Bow bowl, cover and stand, deep blue ground, painted with fruit and flowers in medallions, 90*l.*; pair of green bowls and cover similar, painted with flowers, 47*l.*; pair of fluted saux of old Sèvres, painted bouquets of flowers, 57 *gs.*; an old Chelsea vase, deep blue ground, large oval medallion of Venus with cupids, 500*l.*; pair of deep blue bottles, pencilled with birds and flowers on gold, 170 *gs.*; flat-shaped vase and cover, deep blue ground, exquisitely painted with a large medallion of pastoral figures and of poultry, 300*l.*; pair of vases of similar form, classical figures and flowers on medallions, 250*l.*; a Sèvres vase, gros-bleu ground, with raised festoons of coloured flowers, each side painted with an oval medallion of flowers (given by Louis XVI. to Tippoo Sahib, and taken at the storming of Seringapatam), 1390 *gs.* Heavy and overloaded in design, its value must be in its historic associations.

On the 11th inst. was sold at the Salle Drouot a collection of modern pictures, which fetched the following prices:—Decamps, *Arabe en voyage*, 6,600 fr.; Delacroix, *Rebecca enlevée par le templier Bois-Guilbert*, 20,000 fr.; *Le Tasse dans la prison des fous*, 12,500 fr.; Diaz, *Nymphes pleurant l'Amour*, 6,105 fr.; Isabey, *Un laboratoire d'alchimiste*, 6,100 fr.; Millet, *Retour des champs*, 6,350 fr.; T. Rousseau, *L'automne*, 6,000 fr.; Troyon, *Beufs au labour*, 29,600 fr., *Le gué*, 13,350 fr., *Troupeau en marche*, 8,050 fr.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

AMONG some recent miscellaneous purchases in the Department of Prints and Drawings are to be found several interesting acquisitions. The collection of English water-colour drawings possessed by the Print Room is little known, but it forms, nevertheless, a most important historical record of the growth and progress of the school. There

have just been added to this collection a large and highly-finished landscape-drawing by William Green (1761-1823), who devoted the greater part of his life to illustrating the beauties of the lake country; an admirable sea-piece by the marine painter J. T. Serres (1759-1825), an artist who was employed by the Admiralty to make sketches of the harbours on the enemy's coast; and a painfully interesting sketch of brigands carousing in a mountain pass, by Richard Dadd, a very talented artist, who continues the practice of his art within the walls of Bethlehem Hospital. The drawing just mentioned is dated from the Hospital in the year 1853, and is called a "sketch to illustrate the Passions—the recklessness." It is executed, both as regards drawing and choice of delicate tints, with the utmost refinement and with a freedom of handling that is now rare. Among other additions in the way of original drawings we may notice a curious volume containing water-colour sketches of the costumes worn by Mrs. Siddons in the various parts in which she played in the years 1802-1803. They were executed with some care by Miss Mary Hamilton, when the actress visited Dublin, and, besides a very accurate record of all details of dress, they supply some hint of the variety and balanced grace of the actress's system of gesture. An examination of the volume confirms the statements made in Mr. Fitzgerald's biography as to the inelegance of many of Mrs. Siddons's costumes; but this effect is often due as much to the imperfect resources of the painter as to the fault of the actress. Of engravings the principal additions are portraits needed to fill gaps in the collection. One of these is an interesting portrait of *Peg Woffington*, not known or described, and a large number of Irish portraits more or less difficult to obtain. Another set of engravings consists of foreign broadsides, and classed with these is a portrait of a certain Irish giant, *Magrat*, born in 1717, and exhibited in Germany, but of whom no English portrait is known to exist. We may also mention among the additions a series of seventy-three prints illustrating Bible history from designs by Isaac Taylor (1730-1807), an artist of considerable invention, who sprang into notice by his plates in illustration of *Sir Charles Grandison*.

THE June number of the *Portfolio* will contain etchings after Andrea del Sarto's portrait of himself, in the National Gallery, and Decamps' *Boat-Horses*, in the Louvre. In the July number there will be published an etching by Mr. Seymour Haden.

M. DALOU is engaged upon another group of *Mother and Child*, of higher and more serious character than he has yet attempted.

MR. MADOX BROWN has been designing a more than usually important subject, for which he revisited Antwerp last summer, and made studies. The title of the work will be *Rubens' Ride*. The master is represented as taking his daily afternoon gallop beside the Scheldt, after closing the labours of the day. He is on a powerful, black, foam-flecked Spanish genet: his second wife, the beautiful Helena Forman, rides beside, close-pressed to him, on a cream-coloured palfrey, the skirt of her habit inflated with the wind. The two horses seem to be lovingly caressing each other's lips as they gallop abreast. The evening sun is full on the group, and the painter screens his eyes with one hand, as though studying the landscape; his wife looks up to him admiringly. Dogs of the characteristic Snyders type leap on in front; behind ride some favourite pupils—Vandyck and others—with painting implements. By the edge of the winding grass-grown dyke they are galloping along (which still protects the very same "polders," not long ago inundated), a young painter of the Paul Potter class, palette in one hand and felt hat in the other, gazes reverentially at the great artist passes; he heeds not his easel and canvas thrown down, to be trampled on by the cows he has been painting. In the distance

is seen the richly-wrought spire of Antwerp Cathedral; and ships and boats of the period occupy the river, blue and sparkling in the evening glow.

A COLLECTION of water-colour drawings from rare Alpine plants, by Mr. Noel Humphreys, is at present on view at the Garden Office, 37 Southampton Street, Covent Garden. They have been executed, during the past year, from specimens growing in England.

THE *Annali dell' Istituto di Corrispondenza Archeologica* of Rome for 1875, which has just been published, contains the continuation and conclusion of an article by Prof. Michaelis, on the Nereid Monument from Xanthus in Lycia in the British Museum. The sculptures of this monument, now for the first time completely published, are engraved in the accompanying part of the *Monumenti* of the Institute. This is not the place to give an adequate outline of so elaborate and exhaustive an article, much less a discussion of what had before been done. For the present the name of the writer will be sufficient recommendation. In the same volume of the *Annali* is a letter from Helbig, stating his objections to the generally-accepted theory of Conze concerning the origin of the geometric patterns employed for the decoration of what is regarded as the earliest stage of Greek fictile vases. It is agreed that this system of decoration had most likely been developed in the practice of weaving and working in bronze, and Conze's conclusion was that the Aryan race, which it appears was acquainted with these two arts before separating into its various branches in Europe, had also brought with it this system of ornament. In this way was explained the frequency of geometric patterns on the early remains of pottery and bronze found north as well as south of the Alps. Mere triangles or circles do not, however, unless they are composed into a system of decoration, come here into consideration, since they may be found on primitive remains of nations in no way connected with each other. They are common to humanity. Helbig contends that the geometric system is not found in the earliest remains of the Aryan settlers in the North of Italy, as may be seen from the objects found in their cemeteries at Poggio Renzo near Chiari, in the neighbourhood of Bologna, and elsewhere, but that it is regularly found in the later sets of tombs in these cemeteries. These later tombs contain also sometimes objects of Oriental origin, such as the shell *Cypraea Isabella*, peculiar to the Indian Ocean, and amber figures of apes, one of which has been identified as representing the *Macacus Rhesus* of India. From these and other circumstances Helbig would then consider that the Aryan settlers in Italy and Greece had not brought a system of geometric patterns down with them from the centre of Europe, but had obtained it afterwards from intercourse with the Phœnicians who traded with them in articles from Assyria and Egypt. It appears to be admitted on all hands that the second stage of vase-painting—that in which animal forms constitute the chief decoration—was derived from the Phœnicians, and it may not be a far step to admit the same of the earlier stage. Fragments of pottery with geometric patterns have been found in Assyria and in Palestine, as he says, but not under circumstances which render them trustworthy as evidence of the early fabric of such objects in those countries. This at least is the case with regard to the fragments from Nineveh which were discovered in the mounds perhaps, for all one can now tell, side by side with objects of late Greek workmanship.

PROF. MOMMSEN has been fortunate enough to discover at Arpino a large number of inscriptions belonging to the times of the Republic, among which is one of special interest from its reference to Caius Marius, who, like Cicero, was a native of this ancient settlement of the Volscians.

PROF. ADLER has returned to Berlin from the

scene of the Olympian excavations, which closed on May 13 and will not be resumed till the autumn. Much interest has been excited at Berlin by the publication of a very complete series of photographs taken at Olympia of all the most important remains that have as yet been brought to light, as well as of the districts at which the principal discoveries have been made, both before and after the ground had been broken.

THE chief interest of the exhibition of the Union Centrale this year will consist in a magnificent display of ancient tapestry lent by the State. The various pieces and series will be arranged, as far as possible, in chronological order along the walls of the Palais de l'Industrie so as to form a complete history of tapestry from the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries to the present day. Examples of various modes of manufacture and of the coloured wools used will also be shown; and, if it can be arranged, artisans will be employed to carry on the manufacture under the eyes of the curious. Besides Flemish and French tapestries, which of course occupy the greater space, specimens will be shown of Italian and English workmanship, and articles of furniture ornamented with this rich kind of work will be arranged down the centre of the rooms.

THERE has recently been sold at the Hôtel Drouot a document by which Louis XVI. granted a pension for life of 437 fr. 10 sous to the painter Jean-Baptiste Greuze.

THE Society of Arts at Geneva, founded in 1776, attains its hundredth year next month. It will celebrate the occasion by a competition open to foreign artists established in Geneva, as well as to Swiss artists. Numerous prizes will be given.

L'Art is entirely taken up with the Salon at present. It gives four full-page illustrations from works exhibited, besides numerous woodcuts. M. Victor Renaud criticises the sculpture, M. Auguste Bonnin the painting, while M. Paul Leroi supplies a "Vade-Mecum du Salon de 1876." Our Royal Academy Exhibition will, no doubt, have its turn next month. L'Art gave some excellent illustrations from it last year.

MR. THOMAS BROCK, the sculptor of the Rathbone monument which is to be erected in Sefton Park, Liverpool, has received a commission for three bas-reliefs in bronze, to ornament the pedestal. The statue is now nearly ready, and it is hoped that the entire monument will be finished and erected early next autumn.

A PORTRAIT of Sir Moses Montefiore, engraved from the painting by Mr. George Richmond, R.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy last year, has just been published by Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Co.

It is stated that ninety-four plans have been sent in for competition for the building of the French Universal Exhibition in 1878. Out of these eighty are by architects belonging to Paris. They are now being exhibited at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

THE Achille Leclerc Prize for architecture, of 1,000 fr., has been awarded by the Académie des Beaux-Arts to M. Douillet.

THE municipality of Paris has decided to erect an equestrian statue to King Philippe-Auguste. The artist to be charged with the execution of this work is not yet determined upon, according to the *Chronique*, nor the position that it shall occupy. It is to be finished, however, by 1878.

THE Sèvres Museum is closed provisionally during the transference of its contents to the *salles* of the new manufactory. The public are still permitted to visit the galleries and *ateliers* of the old manufactory.

UNDER the title of *Artistes anciens et modernes* M. Charles Clément has republished in a volume some of the interesting studies and reviews that



he has contributed to the *Journal des Débats* during a period of more than ten years. Although only a collection of ephemeral articles, the book is distinguished by distinct unity of opinion and purpose, and contains much sound criticism.

A COMPETITIVE examination will be held in September next for the three vacant places in the French school at Athens. The examination includes both ancient and modern Greek, the history and geography of ancient Greece and Italy, and the elements of palaeography, archaeology, and epigraphy.

M. GEORGES BERGER, of the *Journal des Débats*, has been appointed to fill a supplementary chair of Aesthetics and Art History in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. M. Taine, the present professor, whose brilliant courses of lectures on the Philosophy of Art have found many readers in England as well as in France, being obliged to give up his teaching for a time, owing to great pressure of work.

THE photographic exhibition which has been organised by the French Society of Photography is now open in the Palais de l'Industrie. It has many points of scientific as well as artistic interest, for it includes a large number of photographs taken by order of the Minister of War, the Minister of Education, and the Minister of Public Works, for national purposes, and also some remarkable effects gained by means of the oxyhydrogen light. It occupies five large salons in the garden of the Palace, and presents altogether an ample proof of the progress made in photographic processes during the last few years, especially in their application to scientific experiments.

THE *Chronique* announces for sale a series of nine Flemish tapestries belonging to the Hospital of Auxerre. They are said to be well-preserved works of the fifteenth century, distinguished for the beauty of their design and the richness and variety of their colour. They were given to the Cathedral of Auxerre in 1502, by the Bishop, Jean Baillet, but were afterwards ceded by the chapter of the cathedral to the hospital. The whole series extends to a length of more than thirty-two metres, along which the history of St. Stephen and the legend of the finding of his relics are represented, with costumes of the time of Louis XII.

ALBERT KINDLER, a distinguished artist of the Düsseldorf school, died last month at Meran. Kinder is chiefly known by his clever little *genre* pictures, but he has painted several larger works, such as the *Gemeinderathssitzung*, the *Wedding Procession on the Rhine*, *Going to the Dance*, &c. His *Wedding Procession*, exhibited in 1859, is, in particular, widely appreciated in Germany by means of a good engraving.

THE last month's obituary includes the names of two other German artists of merit—Kaulbach's son-in-law, Dr. A. von Kreling, who was director of the Technological School of Art at Nürnberg; and the Bavarian landscape-painter, Emil Löhr.

THE exhibition of the Künstlerhaus at Vienna is now open. It is not spoken of as containing anything remarkable except the portraits, which are of unusual number and excellence. Victor Tilgner's portrait-busts of Führich and Grillparzer are especially worthy of notice. The poorness of the exhibition in general is supposed to be chiefly owing to the numerous works sent by the artists of Vienna to Philadelphia. They have left nothing of any worth for their own annual exhibition.

THE collection of English and foreign portraits which had been formed by the late Mr. William Stuart, of Aldenham Abbey, Herts, rich in the works of the French school—Nanteuil, Edelinck, and Wille—was sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge last week. There were also sold a few engravings after Sir Joshua Reynolds: among them a proof of *Mrs. Tollemache, as Miranda*, for 16*l.* 10*s.* (Noseda), and an artist's proof of *Penelope Boothby*, by S. Cousins, for 17*l.* (Jackson).

A proof of Longhi's engraving after Rafael, *The Marriage of the Virgin*, sold for 23*l.* (Colnaghi). At a sale subsequently of some impressions from Turner's *Liber Studiorum*, an engraver's proof of the *Girl with the Tambourine* was sold for 7*l.*; a proof, but in poor condition, of *Severn and Wye* for 4*l.*; a proof of the composition with Bridge and Goats for 5*l.* 5*s.* For Thursday next is appointed the sale at Christie's of Sir Abraham Hume's collection of a couple of hundred or thereabouts of the etchings of Rembrandt.

THE seventeenth annual exhibition of the Belgian Society of Water-colours is now open, and is distinguished by an unusual number of carefully executed works. The Dutch painters are in great force, and contribute some of the best pictures in the exhibition. Among these is a charming greenwood landscape by Maris, as refreshing to weary eyes and cooling to feverish thoughts as the leafy nook itself would be; a cornfield and mill, by Van Everdingen, a large sea piece by Mesdag, a wax-light effect in a church, entitled *Hommage à la Vierge*, by Martens; two scenes from the history of Rotterdam in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, by Rochussen, and a most touching picture by Israëls, the poet of poor and suffering humanity. Very few French artists exhibit this year, and only one Russian; but this one is the distinguished Zichy, whose art is so much the fashion now in Paris. His contribution, which is called in the catalogue a *Fantaisie sur la boîte à couleurs*, utterly defies description. English artists are less numerous than usual; but if we may reckon Mr. Hubert Herkomer among them, they certainly make up in quality what they lack in quantity. His picture of *The Death of the Poacher* is perhaps a little too melodramatic in effect, but it is powerful in conception and colour, and the emotions awakened by the terrible scene are expressed without exaggeration. Only the feet and arms of the unfortunate man are seen as he rolls down a precipice wounded to death. A young and an old man, who have run to save him, stand terror-struck, and farther back are two women in an agony of fear and grief. His hat, which has fallen off his head and lies in the foreground, is a sensation in itself. "Ce chapeau sans défaut," says a French critic, "vaut seul un long poëme." Among Belgian artists may be noticed M. Xavier Mellery, who has just been elected a member of the Water-colour Institute in Belgium, and who contributes two charming little pictures; M. Madou; M. Kathelin; M. Clay; M. Hennebicq; M. Wauters; Major Pecqueur, who sends a delightful *Study of Old Brussels*, with red tiled roofs glowing in full sunlight; M. Eugène Smits; M. Verdyen; M. Uterschant, and many other well-known names.

## THE STAGE.

"ABEL DRAKE."

THERE is many a good novel that would make a bad play. *Abel Drake* is probably a good novel: it is certainly a bad play. And yet there are dramatic situations in it which skilful conduct might have made much of, and there are suggestions of interesting problems which would have repaid a careful and elaborate working out. The piece was written in five acts, and was so presented on Saturday night. Happily absent that evening, we saw it on Monday reduced to three. All the evidence about the play shows the reduction to have been entirely necessary. Yet we much doubt whether it will have succeeded in giving *Abel Drake* any hold of the public fancy. The play on Saturday night had one good act, and four bad ones. The play on Monday had one good act and two bad ones. That is all the difference.

It is the first act alone that gives to *Abel Drake* any claim to patient notice. That is a remarkable act: its very fault in artistry—that of undue

hurry and incomplete development—adding no doubt to its stage effectiveness. It begins with movement. It seizes the audience: it is movement from end to end. So rapid and compressed is the action that it once or twice touches the ridiculous, and is continually improbable. But at the theatre, the improbable may be flashed before one's eyes without one's noticing it at the moment. And the first act of Mr. Saunders's play does undoubtedly arrest and hold the attention of the playgoer who may eventually condemn it.

What is the story it tells? Abel Drake is the leader of a strike, and the strike has ended in a riot. Or rather, as we are afterwards informed, the mill-owner, one Mr. Wolcombe, has gone out to conciliate the hands and has taken a pistol with him for protection. An irresistible impulse causes him to fire the pistol, and he has given a flesh-wound to the leader, Abel Drake. The scene opens with the clamour of the mob as it is heard by Drake's wife from her cottage parlour, and continues with the arrival of Mr. Wolcombe, tolerably self-possessed, yet demanding sanctuary, and unaware that he is asking it in the home of the man he has wounded. The wife, a sturdy-minded, able-bodied mill-hand of Lancashire, promises him protection, and places herself between the mill-owner and the mob when the mob enters. Quickly Abel Drake arrives, and he too does his best to calm the intruders, and, partly by persuasion and partly by threat, he is at last successful. An honest man, with dreams of the time when capital and labour shall see that their interests are one, he has made a friend for life, one supposes, of his master, and it is an hour of triumph. But the wife has her reproaches for him: his fine schemes have ended thus far in misery and empty plates. Their child is ill. In the midst of her taunts she is sent for to nurse it, and while Drake meditates alone there is a cry without, and soon the wife comes back with estranged face—the child is dead. Abel Drake is held by his wife to have been its murderer. He put "a cause" before the well-being of his home. And, having no part in that home, he leaves it, and enlists. There is piping and braying of military music. Drake, betimes, has become a soldier.

Some years pass, and in the second act Barbara Drake has renewed her youth, and flirts mildly with her employer's son. Mr. Wolcombe has taken her to his house. She has educated herself. His son, who is a soldier, now indeed makes serious love to her, and were she sure of Abel's death she would no doubt accept him. But Abel is not dead, and he returns, very much in the guise of Mr. Tennyson, and actually in the rôle of Enoch Arden; and he returns with an invention which he poetically refers to as the "child of his eight years' toil." It is seemingly something like a small valise, but is recognised by Mr. Wolcombe as a spinning-jenny, or a machine of equal service to the cause of his trade. The mill-owner recognises the machine, but not the maker of it, and between the owner and the maker some bargainings ensue. The maker is induced to sell not only the thing itself, but the right to multiply it, and a negotiation which may possibly clash with most people's notion of the laws of patent is concluded in an impromptu fashion by the garden gate of the mill-owner. Abel Drake leaves this spot, and his wife enters. She is about to yield to the offers of the younger Mr. Wolcombe, for whom she has a decided liking, when her mother appears upon the scene with old letters of Abel and a child's sock; whereupon she is so far moved that the act needs must close on her establishing herself in a garden chair, and singing a lullaby over the sock. The song may tickle the ears of the audience, but can hardly win their sympathy for the mother, who, were she the common mother of actual life, would hardly have yielded to her emotions to order, and with so becoming a grace.

The second act then is feeble—feebler even than we have thus far indicated, for it begins

with much irrelevant talk, which we shall not dwell upon—but it is outdone in feebleness by the third, which shows a want of grasp and comprehension of the gravest things in life quite unexpected in a novelist of serious talent, and which a hack playwright, reissuing the old conventional counters for the hundredth time, might be expected to surpass. But how this comes to be, we explain when we finish the story. News is brought to Barbara that Abel is dead. In truth, he lurks behind the floral decorations of a ball-room, while she prepares to accept Mr. Launcelot Wolcombe. He then appears, and forbids the engagement. He claims his wife. He is discovered to have saved the young man's life in a fight with the Maoris. The young man sees but one suitable reward for such conduct, and, as the young woman agrees with him, he has no course but to join a regiment under orders for a far country, while Barbara transfers her affections to Abel again, and it is arranged that that hero shall have a share in Mr. Wolcombe's business.

The feebleness of the second act is due to its clumsiness and poverty of construction: in all the fabric there is no cohesion: it is a thing of detached morsels. But the still greater weakness of this third act is due to quite another cause: the author, warned, we suppose, by the verdict of Saturday night, has rushed from too great amplitude to the other extreme, of insufficient development: mistaking the public's dislike of dialogue that assists neither story nor character for an impatience of such dialogue as is really required to develop both. Many small incidents, many turns of thought and changes of feeling, are needed to make possible the *dénouement* which Mr. Saunders has chosen as the fitting one for his story. These should all have been shown us, if any character was meant to win our sympathy, or if it was hoped for a moment that the story itself—as told in the play, and not in the novel—could command belief.

The only parts that afford scope for acting of much mark are those of Abel Drake and Barbara; and of these, one is played by a pleasant and genial actor manifestly unfit to represent it. A courageous fellow, an effective rhetorician, an impassioned lover even, Mr. Clayton may excellently represent, but as the English working-man—still more as the idealist working-man: the man with twopence and an invention—he is seen to plain disadvantage. Miss Coghlan's strength as Barbara is shown in the first act, and in that act only. Her whole performance there is very noteworthy and praiseworthy for its vigour and freedom, and is a thing to be seen. Her chances afterwards are poor; and of the one chance of which an actress of comedy might make something—the scene of small flirtation in the second act—Miss Coghlan, essentially an actress of drama, makes little.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE *Colleen Bawn* has been revived with much popular success at the Adelphi theatre, Mr. Williamson and Miss Maggie Moore undertaking the parts played originally by Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault. The piece itself is so exactly fitted to Adelphi audiences, that any shortcomings in its representatives are likely to be regarded indulgently. Persons to whom the acting of Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault gave special pleasure will not, indeed, consider that of Mr. Williamson and Miss Moore a good substitute for it; but the large public on Saturday night appeared to be satisfied. The secondary parts are for the most part ably filled. Mr. Emery and Mrs. Alfred Mellon are sure to strengthen a piece, and they appear in this. Mr. Terriss, Mr. J. G. Shore, Miss Hudspeth, and Miss C. Nott were among the other performers.

On Thursday night, *Gavaut*, *Minard*, et *Compagnie* was to be played at the Royalty Theatre, and *Le Procès Veauradioux*, one of the most successful light pieces played in Paris for a long while, is to be produced here very soon.

*Giroflé-Girofla* is to take the place of *La petite mariée* at the Opéra Comique to-night, and the members of the Brussels company will appear in *Madame Angot* before their departure.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Charles Sugden was to take his benefit at the Gaiety Theatre, when *Clancarty*, which is among the most successful of Mr. Taylor's dramas, was to be presented with what bade fair to be an efficient cast. Miss Rose Coghlan was to appear as Lady Clancarty for the first time, and Messrs. Anson, Conway, W. H. Vernon, and Miss Marion Terry, were to take part in the performance.

MR. IRVING has been this week received with enthusiasm as Mathias in *The Bells*. Doricourt in *The Belle's Stratagem*, is the character which it is announced he has selected for representation between the withdrawal of *The Bells* and the end of the season.

THE benefit of Mr. Buckstone next Thursday week is likely to prove a great success. Already nearly every available seat in the theatre is secured, and the few remaining places are going for large prices.

SIGNOR ROSSI's performances of parts from the Shaksperian repertory follow quickly on one another. He was on Wednesday night to give us his version of Romeo. It is worthy of remark that the rapidity and frequency of change in his performances, with which industrious playgoers find it difficult to keep pace, is hardly due to interest and excitement aroused by his representations. The fashion of believing that the Shaksperian drama can be adequately presented to English audiences by the clever Italian actors would appear to be on the wane; but as Shaksperian characters have this in common with all creations of genius, that there is something in them to appeal to all men, and to all men differently, it is one thing to say that an Italian actor fails to bring them truly before an English audience and another thing to say that he would fail to bring them before a French or an Italian audience. The educated Frenchman's conception of Hamlet or Lear, whatever that may be, we are far from saying that Signor Rossi would not satisfactorily realise; and immense credit may be given him for the way in which he has endeavoured to familiarise himself with the characters as characters indeed, and not merely as parts for the display of acting. We take the most marked difference between the effect produced by him in Paris and that produced by him in London as clearly indicating that the same performance would not satisfy, though it might indeed interest, representatives of the two nations. But we take leave also to doubt whether the present condition of the French stage, with which almost alone French critics are familiar, is one that quite qualifies its almost exclusive students to appraise at his just value a foreign tragedian, whether Italian or English. In spite of two or three actors at the Théâtre Français doing their best to maintain or renew its traditions, tragic acting is almost dead in France: the French playgoer's best examples in the tragic art are only too far below his best examples of the art that belongs to comedy. Every night, in three or four theatres of Paris, there is comedy-acting so good that the French, from mere familiarity, do not know how good it is. The revived taste for tragedy-acting finds, on the other hand, few players able to gratify it, and we are doubly grateful to these. We think this accounts for something of the difference between the Parisian critics' enthusiasm about Italian views of Shakspeare and the English critics' calmness under their presentation. To take this into account may be of a certain interest as to the mere fancies of London Society, they are at no time things which anyone need busy himself to try and account for.

M. FRANÇOIS COPPÉE's one-act drama in verse, called *Luthier de Crémone*, was to be played for

the first time on Tuesday night, at the Théâtre Français.

*L'Espion du Roi*, by M. Ernest Blum, has this week been brought out at the Porte St. Martin. It is related that the author originally intended to make his story an episode in the American War of Independence, but he subsequently changed his mind, and laid the scene in Sweden at the time when that country recovered its independence and established on its throne Gustavus Vasa. A certain resemblance to M. Sardou's *Patrie*, which had so long a career at the same Porte Saint Martin Theatre, is remarked, but this is pretty much due to the fact that both plays deal with conspiracy, and with the sentiment of an outraged people towards their oppressors—the scene in M. Sardou's drama, as will be remembered, was the Low Countries; the period, one that Mr. Motley has made familiar to us. The "King's Spy," who gives his name to M. Ernest Blum's new piece, is a being with whom it is difficult to sympathise. Serving another cause than that which he appears to support, he merits, but does not always get, the contempt of the partisans of both. Taillade acts this part, and in one scene—a scene of confession—he was able to rouse the public from its reserve; but all the patriotic episodes which succeed one another in the piece are wanting in that power of stirring passion which belonged notably to M. Sardou's *Patrie*.

M. SARCEY reports that several playgoers of English birth have sent him copies of *She Stoops to Conquer* in order that he may see how much M. Crisafulli's new piece *L'Hôtel Godelot* owes to this work.

"These gentlemen," writes M. Sarcey, "call my attention to the fact that French writers immediately exclaim when a French comedy is made the basis of an English play, and they invite us also to notice what French playwrights borrow from English works, and it must indeed be avowed that our susceptible neighbours have some right to complain, as far as this business is concerned. The *Hôtel Godelot* has undoubtedly been inspired by the work of Goldsmith. Certain scenes have passed almost without alteration from the one comedy to the other. That is what the English call an *adaptation*. We grumble when they do not admit on their playbills what it is that they owe us. It would have been better had M. Crisafulli given no room for their recriminations. Probably he would have made good his omission when the time came to print the play with its preface. He will, however, do more wisely if, after to-day, he prints the name of Goldsmith on the bill of the play."

THE performance of *Les Erinnyes* of Leconte de Lisle is held to be unsatisfactory to "women and to men of the world" because, "pour entrer dans le secret de ces compositions antiques il ne suffit pas d'avoir fait sommairement ses classes; il faut avoir lu Eschyle et le garder présent à sa mémoire. Rien n'est expliqué; rien n'est préparé." But M. Leconte de Lisle's treatment of classic subjects is not the only thing connected with the theatre which owes such acceptance as it obtains to "the superstitious respect of the public for what it doesn't understand."

## MUSIC.

M. WIENIAWSKI'S CONCERT.

M. HENRI WIENIAWSKI, a violinist whose visits to this country have of late years not been very frequent, gave a morning concert at St. James's Hall last Saturday. Though well-known as a brilliant performer of the Paganini school, his fame in England rests chiefly on his excellent playing of classical music during the earlier seasons of the Monday Popular Concerts; and the programme on Saturday was chiefly selected from the works of the great masters. By preferring to bring forward such music as that of Haydn and Beethoven, instead of mere brilliant show-pieces, M. Wieniawski showed the spirit of the true



artist. That he is, from a technical point of view, a virtuoso of the first rank is well-known; but with him great executive power is simply the means to an end. We can give him no higher praise than in saying that throughout the afternoon he was evidently thinking more of the music than of himself. The concert opened with Haydn's lovely quartet in F, Op. 77, No. 2, in which M. Wieniawski was supported by Messrs. Wiener, Hollander, and Lasserre. The performance of the entire work was most admirable, the beautiful slow movement being especially well given. Throughout the whole quartet the leading of the concert-giver was noteworthy for its self-restraint; there was nowhere the least endeavour to shine at the expense of his companions. M. Wieniawski had plenty of opportunity to shine later in the afternoon. He brought forward three solos—Tartini's sonata, "Le Trille du Diable," a "Réverie" by Vieuxtemps, and his own "Deuxième Polonoise," in all of which his fine tone and finished execution were heard to great advantage. The special feature of the concert, however, remains to be noticed. M. Wieniawski had been fortunate enough to secure the assistance of Herr Rubinstein, and the performance by these two great artists of Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata was one which none who were present are ever likely to forget. I have heard this sonata from, I believe, nearly all the greatest pianists and violinists who have visited this country for the last fifteen years; and I can truly say I never heard a performance which was so perfectly ideal in its perfection as that on Saturday. The work is one which precisely suits the fiery style of both players; in the first movement and in the final *presto*, the music fairly carried one away: while the variations which form the slow movement were given with the utmost delicacy, and with the most charming expression. Herr Rubinstein's unrivalled power of "singing" on the piano was shown in this *andante* to rare advantage. It ought to be mentioned that both performers played the entire sonata from memory—a hazardous undertaking, and one in which we cannot help thinking that the game is not worth the candle, as the consequences of failure on either side would be much more serious than in solo music. However, on the present occasion, fortune favoured the brave, and no mishap occurred. The enthusiasm excited by the magnificent performance was, as may be imagined, immense. Later in the afternoon, Herr Rubinstein played a selection of his own shorter pieces, which he had already introduced at his recitals, and of which mention has already been made in these columns. They were no less successful than on the occasion of their previous performance. The vocalist at the concert was Mdlle. Thekla Friedländer, who sang with great taste the song "Willst du dein Herz mir schenken?" generally, though incorrectly, attributed to Bach, Mendelssohn's "Es ist bestimmt," and Brahms's "Wiegenlied," being excellently accompanied by M. Henri Vollmar.

EBENEZER PROUT.

THE fourth Festival Service of the London Gregorian Choral Association was held in St. Paul's Cathedral on Thursday week last, the 18th inst. The music was, with the exception of a Processional Hymn by the Rev. S. S. Greathed, and an anthem by Dr. Stainer, entirely Gregorian—or at least in the Gregorian style. There can be no doubt as to the effectiveness of this kind of music when sung, as at St. Paul's, by a choir of 1,200 voices in unison, reinforced by a number of brass instruments; at the same time it may be doubted whether the attempt to popularise these antiquated melodies will ever be attended with any great degree of success. We are not referring now to the fact that there is sometimes supposed to be some secret connexion between Gregorian music and the Ritualist party in the Church of England; whether this be the fact or not is beside the ques-

tion; we are speaking merely of the music itself. Many of the old scales on which the melodies are formed are now entirely disused, and in consequence the "tones" often sound harsh and uncongenial to ears accustomed merely to modern music. It may be doubted whether any amount of familiarity will make them generally acceptable. There are, of course, exceptions to this, such as the "Peregrine Tone," which was sung at this festival to the "Magnificat," with Bach's harmonies, and of which the beauty is as fresh as when it was first composed; but such exceptions prove little in favour of the music as a whole. The performance at St. Paul's was very good; but the interest excited by it was chiefly historical. It was the curiosity that was satisfied rather than the feelings.

THE first of the two morning concerts announced in the prospectus of the Philharmonic Society for the present season took place on Monday last. The chief items of the programme were the Pastoral symphony of Beethoven, Bennett's overture to the *Naiades*, the "Wallenstein's Camp" movement from Rheinberger's "Wallenstein" symphony, and Mendelssohn's "Serenade and Allegro Gioioso" for piano and orchestra. The novelty of the above scheme was the movement by Rheinberger, which, however, though undoubtedly clever and interesting, produced no very marked effect. The pianoforte part in Mendelssohn's work was in the safe hands of Mr. Charles Hallé, who also played later in the concert a Nocturne and a Polonoise by Chopin. The vocalist was Madame Trebelli-Bettini.

THE seventh trial of new compositions by the Musical Artists' Society takes place this evening at the Royal Academy of Music, Hanover Square, when a very interesting performance, including no less than three string quartets, will be given.

THE present has been a great week for music at Cambridge—one of the foremost, it may be remarked in passing, of our provincial towns in musical enterprise. On Monday evening, the St. John's College Musical Society, conducted by Dr. G. M. Garrett, gave a concert, at which a large selection from Gluck's *Orpheus* was the principal feature. About thirty numbers from the opera were given, the solos being sustained in an excellent manner by two pupils of the Royal Academy—Miss Aylward and Miss Annie Butterworth, while the choruses were well given by the members of the Society, and were supported by a small but very efficient orchestra. A miscellaneous selection followed, the most important items of which were Hummel's Rondo in D for piano and orchestra (the solo part well played by Dr. Garrett), and two choruses from Schubert's *Rosamunde*. Even more important was the concert given on the following day by the Cambridge Musical Society, under the direction of Mr. C. Villiers Stanford, for which a full orchestra from London, with Herr Straus as leader, was engaged. The Society, which last year honoured itself by producing for the first time in England the third part of Schumann's *Faust*, grappled on this occasion with no less difficult a work than Brahms's "Deutsches Requiem," and, it must be added, came off with flying colours. Of the work itself we spoke on the occasion of its recent production by the Philharmonic Society; further hearing only confirms the opinion then expressed, that it is one of the very greatest productions of modern times. Though the chorus was in places overweighted by the orchestra, the performance was, as a whole, more than creditable. The solo parts were sung by Miss Sophie Ferrari and an amateur who not only possesses an excellent bass voice but knows how to use it. The chorus sang with great spirit and remarkable correctness; the orchestra was admirable, and Mr. Stanford, though we think he took some of the *tempi* decidedly too fast, conducted in a manner which proved him to possess

more than ordinary qualifications for his post. The society has well sustained the reputation acquired during previous years.

WE desire to call attention to the concert of Mr. J. B. Welch, which takes place at St. George's Hall on Thursday evening next, because a very interesting work, Schumann's "Spanish Love-Songs" for four solo voices with pianoforte duet accompaniment, is to be performed on that occasion for the first time in London.

VERDI's *Aida* is to be produced early next month at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, the principal part being sustained by Madame Patti. For the sake of those who may wish to make previous acquaintance with the music, it may be mentioned that the work is published by Ricordi, of Milan, and may be obtained in a cheap and convenient edition at the London branch of that firm, Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital.

IN reference to our note of last week concerning the Purcell Society, we have received a letter from a country correspondent asking for fuller information, and we therefore supplement what was then said by stating that the annual subscription to the society is one guinea, and should be paid to the honorary secretary, Mr. Alfred H. Littleton, at Messrs. Novello's, 1, Berners Street, W., of whom the prospectus of the society may be obtained.

GOUNOD's opera *Philemon et Baucis*, first produced in 1860, has just been revived at the Opéra Comique, Paris, with great success. The principal parts were sustained by Mdlle. Chapuy and Messrs. Nicot, Bouhy, and Giraudet.

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